

The
W O R K S
of
SHAKESPEARE,

Volume the tenth :

containing,

Romeo and Juliet ;
Hamlet ;
Othello.

L O N D O N :

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W. O. R. 2

SHANE ST. E. 11

ROMEO
and
JULIET.

Persons represented.

Escalus, *Prince of Verona*:
Paris, *a young Count, his Kinsman*.
Capulet, } *Heads of two noble Houses,*
Mountague, } *at Variance with one another.*
Romeo, *Son to Mountague*.
Mercutio, } *Friends to Romeo.*
Benvolio, }
Tybalt, *Kinsman to Capulet*:
an old Man, his Cousin.
Balthazar, *Romeo's Gentleman*.
Friar Lawrence, *a Franciscan*:
Friar John, *his Brother*.
Chorus; Boy, *Page to Paris*;
an Officer; an Apothecary.
Servants to Mountague, two;
Servants to Capulet, six;
three Watchmen, and three Musicians.

Lady Capulet.
Lady Mountague.
Juliet, *Daughter to Capulet*:
an old Woman, her Nurse.

Attendants upon the Prince;
Masks with Romeo; Relations, &c. of both Houses;
Citizens, Watchmen, &c.

Scene, Verona: once, in Mantua.

ROMEO *and* JULIET.

ACT I.

Enter Chorus, as Prologue.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
in fair *Verona*, where we lay our scene,
from ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
where civil blood makes civil hands unclean:
from forth the fatal loins of these two foes
a pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
do, with their death, bury their parents' strife:
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
and the continuance of their parents' rage,
which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
is now the two hours' traffick of our stage;
the which if you with patient ears attend,
what here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE I. *A publick Place.**Enter two Servants of Capulet, oddly arm'd.*

1. C. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.
 2. C. No, for then we should be colliers.
 1. C. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.
 2. C. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o'th' collar.
 1. C. I strike quickly, being mov'd.
 2. C. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.
 1. C. A dog of the house of *Mountague* moves me.
 2. C. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant, is—to stand to it: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou run'st away.
 1. C. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of *Mountague's*.
 2. C. That shews thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.
 1. C. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push *Mountague's* men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.
 2. C. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.
 1. C. 'Tis all one, I will shew myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.
 2. C. The heads of the maids?
 1. C. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.
 2. C. They must take it in sense, that feel it.
 1. C. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.
 2. C. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou had'st, thou

had'st been poor *John*. Draw thy tool; here comes of the house of the *Mountagues*.

Enter two Servants of Mountague, arm'd likewise.

1. *C.* My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

2. *C.* How? turn thy back, and run?

1. *C.* Fear me not.

2. *C.* No, marry; I fear thee!

1. *C.* Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

2. *C.* I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

1. *C.* Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

[they pass the others.]

1. *M.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

1. *C.* I do bite my thumb, sir.

1. *M.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

1. *C.* "Is the law of our side, if I say—ay?"

2. *C.* "No."

1. *C.* No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

2. *C.* Do you quarrel, sir?

1. *M.* Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

1. *C.* If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

1. *M.* No better.

1. *C.* Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO, at a Distance.

2. *C.* "Say—better; here comes one of my master's" kinsmen."

1. *C.* Yes, better, sir.

1. *M.* You lie.

I. C. Draw, if you be men.—*Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.* [Servants fight.]

BEN. Part, fools, [*beating down their Weapons*] put up your swords;

You know not what you do.

Enter TYBALT, with his Sword drawn.

TYB. What, art thou drawn among these heartless Turn thee, *Benvolio*, look upon thy death. [hinds?]

BEN. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYB. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word, As I hate hell, all *Mountagues*, and thee: Have at thee, coward. [*assailing him.*]

Enter divers, of both Houses, and join the Fray:

then Enter, to part them, Citizens, and Peace-officers, with Clubs, &c. [down!]

Off. Clubs, bills, and partizans! strike! beat them Down with the *Capulets*! down with the *Mountagues*!

Enter CAPULET, in his Gown; his Lady following.

CAP. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho!

L. C. A crutch, a crutch; Why call you for a sword?

CAP. My sword, I say!—old *Mountague* is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MOUNTAGUE, and his Lady.

Mou. Thou villain, *Capulet*,—Hold me not, let me go.

L. M. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, and Attendants.

Pri. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Prophaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—

Will they not hear?—what, ho! you men, you beasts,— That quench the fire of your pernicious rage With purple fountains issuing from your veins,—

On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,

[*Fray ceases.*]

And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old *Capulet*, and *Mountague*,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made *Verona's* ancient citizens
Cast by their grave befitting ornaments
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, *Capulet*, shall go along with me;
And, *Mountague*, come you this afternoon,
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old *Free-town*, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince, and Attendants; CAPULET,
and Lady Capulet, TYBALT, Servants, &c.*]

Mou. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad? —
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

BEN. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them; in the instant came
The fiery *Tybalt*, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,

*Till the prince came, who parted either part.

L. M. O, where is *Romeo*?—saw you him to-day?—
Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

BEN. Madam, an hour before the worship'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubl'd mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where—underneath the grove of sycamour,
That westward rooteth from this city's side—
So early walking did I see your son:

Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,—
Which then most sought where most might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary self,—
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And glad'y shun'd who gladly fled from me.

MOU. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from *Aurora's* bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

BEN. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MOU. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

BEN. Have you importun'd him by any means?

MOU. Both by myself, and many other friends:

But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the fame.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a Distance.

BEN. See, where he comes: So please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

MOU. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[Exeunt MOUNTAGUE, and Lady.]

BEN. Good morrow, cousin.

ROM. Is the day so young?

BEN. But new strook nine.

ROM. Ay me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father, that went hence so fast?

BEN. It was: What sadness lengthens *Romeo's* hours?

ROM. Not having that, which, having, makes them

BEN. In love? [short.]

ROM. Out—

BEN. Of love?

ROM. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

BEN. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

ROM. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see path-ways to his will!
Where shall we dine?—Oh me!—What fray was here:—
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love: —
 Why then, o brawling love, o loving hate!
 O any thing, of nothing first created!
 O heavy lightness, serious vanity,
 Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,
 Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is! —
 This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
 Dost thou not laugh?

BEN. No, coz', I rather weep.

ROM. Good heart, at what?

BEN. At thy good heart's oppression.

ROM. Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
 Which thou wilt propagate, to have it press'd,
 With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,
 Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
 Love is a smoke, made with the fume of sighs;
 Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
 Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with loving tears:
 What is it else? a madness most discreet,
 A choaking gall, and a preserving sweet.
 Farewel, my coz'.

[going.]

BEN. Soft, I will go along;
 An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

ROM. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here,
 This is not *Romeo*, he's some other where.

BEN. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?

ROM. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

BEN. Groan? why, no;
 But sadly tell me, who.

ROM. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will: —

O word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!—
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BEN. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

ROM. A right good marks-man; And she's fair I love.

BEN. A right fair mark, fair coz', is soonest hit.

ROM. Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit
With *Cupid's* arrow, she hath *Dian's* wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with her dies beauty's store.

BEN. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste.

ROM. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

BEN. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

ROM. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

BEN. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;

Examine other beauties.

ROM. 'Tis the way

To call hers, exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He, that is strooken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost:

Shew me a mistress that is passing fair,
 What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
 Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
 Farewel; thou canst not teach me to forget.

BEN. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

CAP. And *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
 In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
 For men so old as we to keep the peace.

PAR. Of honourable reck'ning are you both;
 And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.
 But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

CAP. But saying o'er what I have said before:
 My child is yet a stranger in the world,
 She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
 Let two more summers wither in their pride,
 Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

PAR. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAP. And too soon mar'd are those so early made:
 The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
 She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
 But woo her, gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
 My will to her consent is but a part;
 An she agree, within her scope of choice
 Lies my consent and fair according voice.
 This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,
 Such as I love; and you, among the store,
 One more, most welcome, makes my number more:
 At my poor house look to behold this night

Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparel'd *April* on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be;
On which more view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reck'ning none.
Come, go with me:—Go, firrah, trudge about
Through fair *Verona*; find those persons out,
Whose names are written[†] there; and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, and PARIS.

Ser. Find them out, whose names are written here:
It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with
his yard, and the taylor with his last, the fisher with his
pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to
find those persons out, whose names are here writ, and
can never find what names the writing person hath here
writ. I must to the learned:—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO, and ROMEO.

BEN. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

ROM. Your plantan leaf is excellent for that.

BEN. For what, I pray thee?

ROM. For your broken shin.

BEN. Why, *Romeo*, art thou mad?

† Which on

ROM. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipt, and tormented, and — Good den, good fellow.

SER. God gi' go' den. I pray, fir, can you read?

ROM. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

SER. Perhaps, you have learned it without book: But,
I pray, can you read any thing you see?

ROM. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

SER. Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!

ROM. Stay, fellow; I can read. [reads.

*Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughter; County
Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; The lady widow of
Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces;
Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; Mine uncle Ca-
pulet, his wife, and daughters; My fair niece Rosaline;
Livia; Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio,
and the lively Helena.*

A fair assembly; [giving back the Note.] Whither should
they come?

SER. Up.

ROM. Whither?

SER. To our house.

ROM. Whose house?

SER. My master's.

ROM. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

SER. Now I'll tell you without asking:

My master is the great rich *Capulet*;
And if you be not of the house of *the Mountagues*,
I pray you, come; and crush a cup of wine.

Rest you merry.

[Exit.

BEN. At this same ancient feast of *Capulet's*
Supps the fair *Rosaline*, whom thou so lov'st;

With all the admired beauties of *Verona*:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

ROM. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!
And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Transparent hereticks, be burnt for liars!

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

BEN. Tut, tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself poiz'd with herself in either eye:
But in those crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady love against some other maid
That I will show you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well, that now shews best.

ROM. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter Lady Capulet, and Nurse.

L. C. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nur. Now, by my maidenhead,—at twelve year old,—
I bad her come:—What, lamb! what lady-bird!—
God forbid! where's this girl?—what, *Juliet*!

Enter JULIET.

JUL. How now? who calls?

Nur. Your mother.

JUL. Madam, I am here;
What is your will?

L. C. This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave a while,
We must talk in secret. Nurse, came back again;

6 fire 13 that Christall 14 Ladies love

I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel,
Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age:

Nur. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

L. C. She's not fourteen.

Nur. I'll lay fourteen o' my teeth,—

And yet, to my teeth be it spoken, I have but four,—
She's not fourteen: How long is't now to Lammas-tide?

L. C. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nur. Even or odd, of all days i' the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.

Susan, and she,—God rest all christian souls!—

Were of an age: Well, *Susan* is with God;

She was too good for me: But, as I said,

On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;

That shall she, marry; I remember it well.

'Tis since the earth-quake now eleven years;

And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—

Of all the days o' the year, upon that day:

For I had then lay'd wormwood to my dug,

Sitting i' the sun under the dove-house wall,

My lord and you were then at *Mantua*;

Nay, I do bear a brain: but, as I said,

When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple

Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!

To see it teachy, and fall out wi' the dug:

Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,

To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years:

For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,

She could have run and waddl'd all about.

For even the day before she broke her brow:

And then my husband—God be with his soul!

* thou'st heard

A' was a merry man; —took up the child;
Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Juli'? and, by my holy-dam,
 The pretty wretch left crying, and said —*Ay:*
 To see now how a jest shall come about!
 I warr'nt, an I should live a thousand years,
 I never should forget it; *Wilt thou not, Juli'?* quoth he:
 And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said —*Ay.*

L. C. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nur. Yes, madam; Yet I cannot choose but laugh,
 To think it should leave crying, and say —*Ay:*
 And yet, I warr'nt, it had upon it's brow
 A bump as big as a young cock'rel's stone;
 A par'lous knock; and it cry'd bitterly.
Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;
Wilt thou not, Juli'? it stinted, and said —*Ay.*

JUL. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nur. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
 Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
 An I might live to see thee marry'd once,
 I have my wish.

L. C. Marry, that marry is the very theme
 I came to talk of: —Tell me, daughter *Juliet*,
 How stands your disposition to be marry'd?

JUL. It is an hour that I dream not of.

Nur. An hour! were not I thine only nurse,
 I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

L. C. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
 Here in *Verona*, ladies of esteem,
 Are made already mothers: by my count,

I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—
The valiant *Paris* seeks you for his love.

Nur. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.

L. C. *Verona's* summer hath not such a flower.

Nur. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

L. C. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast:
Read o'er the volume of young *Paris'* face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every several lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nur. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men.

L. C. Speak briefly, can you like of *Paris'* love?

JUL. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up, you
call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse curs'd in the
pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to

wait; I beseech you, follow strait.

L. C. We follow thee.—*Juliet*, the county stays.

Nur. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Street.*

*Enter, in masking Habits, Torches
and a Drum preceding them, MERCUTIO, ROMEO,
BENVOLIO, and Others.*

ROM. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

BEN. The date is out of such prolixity:
We'll have no *Cupid* hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a *Tartar's* painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

ROM. Give me a torch,—I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

MER. Nay, gentle *Romeo*, we must have you dance.

ROM. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes,
With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

MER. You are a lover; borrow *Cupid's* wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

ROM. I am too fore enpearced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burthen do I sink.

MER. And, to sink in it, should you burthen love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

ROM. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

MER. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in: [*taking one from an Att.*
A visor for a visor! [*throwing it away.*] what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me.

BEN. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

ROM. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandfire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am dun.

MER. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire,
Or (save your reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho.

ROM. Nay, that's not so.

MER. I mean, sir, in delay;
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day:
Take our good meaning; for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

ROM. And we mean well, in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.

MER. Why, may one ask?

ROM. I dreamt a dream to-night.

MER. And so did I.

ROM. Well, what was yours?

MER. That dreamers often lie:

ROM. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

MER. O, then, I see, queen *Mab* hath been with you.

She is the fancy's midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agat stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grass-hoppers;
Her traces, of the smallest spider's web;
Her collars, of the moon-shine's watry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joyner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry *Mab* with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are:
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then he dreams of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,

And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, *Spanish* blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
 Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;
 And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that very *Mab*,
 That plats the manes of horses in the night;
 And cakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
 Which once untangl'd much misfortune bodes.
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
 That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
 Making them women of good carriage.
 And this is she, —

ROM. Peace, peace, *Mercutio*, peace;
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

MER. True, I talk of dreams;
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
 Which is as thin of substance as the air;
 And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

BEN. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

ROM. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives,
 Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
 With this night's revels; and expire the term
 Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
 But He, that hath the steerage of my course,

& bakes

Direct my suit!—On, lusty gentlemen.

BEN. Strike, drum.

[*Drum. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Hall in Capulet's House.*

Musicians waiting. Servants pass to and fro, setting the Room in Order.

1. S. Where's *Potpan*, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2. S. When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1. S. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court sup-board, look to the plate:—good thou, save me a piece of march-pane; and, as thou lov'st me, let the porter let in *Susan Grindstone*, and *Nell*.—*Antony! Potpan!*

3. S. Ay, boy; ready.

1. S. You are look'd for, and call'd for, ask'd for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2. S. We cannot be here and there too.—*Chearly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all.*

Enter CAPULET, and those of his Household; their Guests, and the Maskers.

CAP. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their toes Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:—
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,
She, I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near ye now?—
Welcome you too, gentlemen! I have seen the day,
That I have worn a visor; and could tell
A whisp'ring tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:—
You are welcome, gentlemen.—Come, musicians, play.—
[*Musick. Dance forming.*]

A hall, a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.—
 More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,
 And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
 Ah, firrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
 Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin *Capulet*;

[drawing him a Chair.

For you and I are past our dancing days:
 How long is't now, since last yourself and I
 Were in a mask?

Cou. By'r-lady, thirty years.

CAP. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:
 'Tis since the nuptial of *Lucentio*,
 Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
 Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.'

Cou. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, fir;
 His son is thirty.

CAP. Will you tell me that?
 His son was but a ward two years ago.

[Juliet is taken out.

ROM. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
 Of yonder knight?

[to a Servant.

Ser. I know not, fir.

[Company dance.

ROM. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
 Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
 Like a rich jewel in an *Ethiop's* ear:
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
 So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,
 As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
 The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
 And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
 Did my heart love 'till now? forswear it, sight;
 For I ne'er saw true beauty 'till this night.

TYB. This, by his voice, should be a *Mountague*:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What, dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin. [so?

CAP. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm you

TYB. Uncle, this is a *Mountague*, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

CAP. Young *Romeo* is't?

TYB. 'Tis he, that villain *Romeo*.

CAP. Content thee, gentle coz', let him alone,
'A bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Shew a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

TYB. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
I'll not endure him.

CAP. He shall be endur'd;
What, Goodman boy! I say, he shall: Go to;
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

TYB. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame:

CAP. Go to, go to,

You are a saucy boy:—Is't so, indeed?—
 This trick may chance to scathe you; I know what.
 You must contráry me! marry, 'tis time.—
 Well said, my hearts:—You are a princox; go:
 Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame!—
 I'll make you quiet; What!—Chearly, my hearts.

TRB. Patience perforce, with wilful choler meeting,
 Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
 I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
 Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. *[Exit.]*

[Dance ends. Juliet retires to her Seat.]

ROM. If I prophane with my unworthy hand

[drawing up to her, and taking her Hand]

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this—
 My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
 To smoothe that rough touch with a tender kifs.

JUL. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
 Which mannerly devotion shews in this;
 For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
 And palm to palm is holy palmers' kifs.

ROM. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

JUL. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

ROM. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do
 They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

JUL. Saints do not move, tho' grant for prayers' sake.

ROM. Then move not while my prayer's effect I take
 Thus† from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.

JUL. Then have my lips the sin that they have took

ROM. Sin from my lips?—O trespass sweetly urg'd!
 Give me my kifs again. *[kissing her again]*

JUL. You kifs by the book.

Nur. Madam, your mother craves a word with you

ROM. What is her mother?

Nur. Marry, batchelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chink.

ROM. Is she a *Capulet*?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

BEN. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

ROM. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

CAP. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

[*Masks excuse themselves with a Bow.*]

Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:—
More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.
Ah, firrah, [*to his Cousin.*] by my fay, it waxes late;
I'll to my rest.

[*Company retire.*]

JUL. Come hither, nurse: What is yon' gentleman?

Nur. The son and heir of old *Tiberio*.

JUL. What's he, that now is going out of door?

Nur. Marry, that, I think, be young *Petruchio*.

JUL. What's he, that follows there, that would not

Nur. I know not. [dance?]

JUL. Go, ask his name:—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nur. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*;
The only son of your great enemy.

JUL. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,

That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nur. What's this? what this?

JUL. A rime I learnt even now
Of one I danc'd withal.

[*One calls within.*

Nur. Anon, anon:—

Come, let's away; the strangers are all gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Now old desire doth on his death-bed lie,
and young affection gapes to be his heir;
that fair, for which love groan'd fore, and would die,
with tender *Juliet* match'd, is now not fair:
Now *Romeo* is belov'd, and loves again,
alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
yet to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
and she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
to breath such vows as lovers use to swear;
and she as much in love, her means much less
to meet her new-beloved any where:
but passion lends them power, time means to meet,
temp'ring extremities with extreame sweet.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. Wall of Capulet's Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

ROM. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

[*leaps the Wall.*

Enter BENVOLIO, and MERCUTIO.

BEN. *Romeo!* why, cousin *Romeo!*

10 11 12 groan'd for and 32 my

MER. He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stoln him home to bed.

BEN. He ran this way, and leapt this orchard wall:
Call, good *Mercutio*.

MER. Nay, I'll conjure too:—
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
Speak but one rime, and I am satisfy'd;
Cry but—Ay me, couple but—love and dove;
Speak to my gossip *Venus* one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
Young *Abraham Cupid*, he that shot so true
When king *Cophetua* lov'd the beggar-maid.—
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—
I conjure thee by *Rosaline* bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, strait leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

BEN. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

MER. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
'Till she had lay'd it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spite; my invocation
Is fair and honest, in his mistress' name
I conjure only but to raise up him.

BEN. Come, he hath hid himself among those trees;
To be comforted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

MER. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.

Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
 And wish his mistress were such kind of fruit,
 As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone:—
 Ah, *Romeo*, that she were, ah, that she were
 An open——, and thou a poperin pear!
Romeo, good night:—I'll to my truckle-bed;
 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
 Come, shall we go?

BEN. Go then; for 'tis in vain
 To seek him here, that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

ROM. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.

Enter JULIET, above.

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
 It is the east, and *Juliet* is the sun:—
 Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
 Who is already sick and pale with grief,
 That thou her maid art far more fair than she;
 Be not her maid, since she is envious;
 Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
 And none but fools do wear it, cast it off.—
 It is my lady; o, it is my love:
 O, that she knew she were!
 She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?
 Her eye discourses, I will answer it.
 I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres 'till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

2 were that kind

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As day-light doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
Set, how she leans her cheek upon her hand:
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

JUL. Ay me!

ROM. She speaks:—

O, speak again, bright angel; for thou art
As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

JUL. O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROM. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

JUL. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;
Thou art not thyself so, though a Mountague.
What's Mountague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part:
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

¹¹ night ²³ though not a

ROM. I take thee at thy word:

[*raising his Voice, and showing himself.*]

Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;

Henceforth I never will be *Romeo*.

[*night;*]

JUL. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in
So stumbl'st on my counsel?

ROM. By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am:

My name, dear faint, is hateful to myself,

Because it is an enemy to thee;

Had I it written, I would tear the word.

JUL. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*?

ROM. Neither, fair faint, if either thee dislike.

JUL. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

[*walls;*]

ROM. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these
For stony limits cannot hold love out:

And what love can do, that dares love attempt;

Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

JUL. If they do see thee, they will murder thee:

ROM. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

JUL. I would not for the world, they saw thee here.

ROM. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And, but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

JUL. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

ROM. By love, who first did prompt me to enquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

JUL. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain fain deny
What I have spoke; But farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, *Jove* laughs. O gentle *Romeo*,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair *Mountague*, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-hear'dst, e'er I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

ROM. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

JUL. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon
That monthly changes in her circl'd orb,

Left that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROM. What shall I swear by?

JUL. Do not swear at all;

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

ROM. If my heart's dear love—

JUL. Well, do not swear; although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's rip'ning breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

ROM. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfy'd?

JUL. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

ROM. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

JUL. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again. [love?]

ROM. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose,

JUL. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu! —

[Nurse calls within.]

Anon, good nurse:—Sweet Mountague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again.

[Exit.]

ROM. O blessed blessed night! I am afeard,

Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above. [deed.

JUL. Three words, dear *Romeo*, and good night in-
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite,
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world:

Nur. [within.] Madam!

JUL. I come anon:— But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee,—

Nur. [within.] Madam!

JUL. By and by I come:—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

ROM. So thrive my soul,—

JUL. A thousand times good night! [Exit.

ROM. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—
Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books;
[retires slowly.]

But love from love, towards school with heavy looks.

Enter JULIET again, above.

JUL. Hift, *Romeo*, hift!—O, for a faulc'ner's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my *Romeo*.

ROM. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:

[returns to the Window.]

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night!
Like softest musick to attending ears.

JUL. Romeo!

ROM. My sweet?

*JUL. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?*

ROM. At the hour of nine.

*JUL. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years 'till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.*

ROM. Let me stand here 'till thou remember it.

*JUL. I shall forget still, to have thee stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.*

*ROM. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.*

*JUL. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone;
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.*

ROM. I would, I were thy bird.

*JUL. Sweet, so would I;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good night, 'till it be morrow. [Exit.*

*ROM. Sleepdwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—
'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [Exit.*

*SCENE V. Fields near a Convent.
Enter Friar Lawrence, with a Basket,*

I'll forget, to have thee still stand

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
 Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
 And flecker'd darkness like a drunkard reels
 From forth day's path-way, made by *Titan's* wheels:
 Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
 The day to chear, and night's dank dew to dry,
 I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
 With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
 The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
 And from her womb children of divers kind
 We sucking on her natural bosom find;
 Many for many virtues excellent,
 None but for some, and yet all different.
 O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
 But to the earth some special good doth give;
 Nor ought so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
 Virtue itself turns vice, being mis-apply'd;
 And vice sometime's by action dignify'd.
 Within the infant rind of this † small flower
 Poison hath residence, and med'cine power:
 For this, being smelt, with that part chears each part;
 Being tasted, flays all senses with the heart.
 Two such opposed kings encamp them still
 In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;
 And, where the worser is predominant,
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

ROM. Good morrow, father.

s fleckeld

Fri. Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me? —
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
 Thou art uprouz'd by some distemp'rature;
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right —
 Our *Romeo* hath not been in bed to-night.

ROM. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with *Rosaline*?

ROM. With *Rosaline*, my ghostly father? no;
 I have forgot that name, and that name's woe. [then?]

Fri. That's my good son: But where hast thou been

ROM. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
 I have been feasting with mine enemy;
 Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
 That's by me wounded; both our remedies
 Within thy help and holy physick lies:
 I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,
 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
 Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

ROM. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
 On the fair daughter of rich *Capulet*:
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
 And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
 By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,
 We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,

I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. Holy saint *Francis*! what a change is here!

Is *Rosaline*, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine

Hath wash'd thy fallow cheeks for *Rosaline*!

How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!

The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,

Thy old groans yet ring in my ancient ears;

Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit

Of an old tear, that is not wash'd off yet:

If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,

Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*;

And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then—

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving *Rosaline*.

Fri. For doating, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love now,

Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;

The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,

Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.

But come, young waverer, come go with me,

In one respect I'll thy assistant be;

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

ROM. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow; They stumble, that run fast.

[Exeunt,

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Street.

Enter BENVOLIO, and MERCUTIO.

MER. Why, where the devil should this *Romeo* be!—
Came he not home to night?

BEN. Not to his father's;

I spoke with his man.

[*Rosaline*,

MER. Ay, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

BEN. *Tybalt*, the kinsman of old *Capulet*,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

MER. A challenge, on my life.

BEN. *Romeo* will answer it.

MER. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

BEN. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he
dares, being dared.

MER. Alas, poor *Romeo*, he is already dead! stab'd
with a white wench's black eye, shot thorough the ear
with a love-song, the very pin of his heart cleft with
the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; And is he a man to en-
counter *Tybalt*?

BEN. Why, what is *Tybalt*?

MER. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he
is the courageous captain of compliments: he fights as
you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and propor-
tion; he rests his minum, one, two, and the third in your

bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duelist, a duelist; a gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause: Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the—hay!

BEN. The what?

MER. The pox of such antick, lisping, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents!—By Jesu, a very good blade;—a very tall man;—a very good whore:—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these—Pardon-me's; who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O their bones, their bones!

Enter ROMEO, at a Distance.

BEN. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

MER. Without his roe, like a dry'd herring:—O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishify'd!—Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flow'd in; *Laura*, to his lady, was a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a better love to berime her: *Dido*, a dowdy; *Cleopatra*, a gipsy; *Helen* and *Hero*, hildings and harlots; *Thisbe*, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour*! there's a French salutation to your French sloop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

ROM. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

MER. The slip, sir, the slip; Can you not conceive?

ROM. Pardon, good *Mercutio*, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

MER. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

ROM. Meaning—to curt'sy.

MER. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

ROM. A most courteous exposition.

MER. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

ROM. Pink for flower.

MER. Right.

ROM. Why, then is my pump well flower'd.

MER. Well said: follow me this jest now, 'till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, sole singular.

ROM. O single-sol'd jest, solely singular for the singleness!

MER. Come between us, good *Benvolio*; my wit fain'ts.

ROM. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; for I cry a match.

MER. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

ROM. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

MER. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

ROM. Nay, good goose, bite not.

MER. Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening; it is a most sharp fauce.

ROM. And is it not well serv'd in to a sweet goose?

MER. O, here's a wit of cheveril! that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

ROM. I stretch it out for that word—broad; which, added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

MER. Why, is not this better now than groaning for

love? now art thou sociable, now art thou *Romeo*; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

BEN. Stop there, stop there.

MER. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

BEN. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

MER. O, thou art deceived, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

ROM. Here's goodly geer!

Enter Nurse, and her Man.

MER. A fail, a fail, a fail!

BEN. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nur. *Peter!*

Man. Anon?

Nur. My fan, *Peter.*

MER. Do, good *Peter*, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nur. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MER. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it good den?

MER. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nur. Out upon you! what a man are you?

ROM. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nur. By my troth, it is well said;—For himself to mar, quoth 'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young *Romeo*?

ROM. I can tell you; but young *Romeo* will be older

when you have found him, than he was when you fought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse:

Nur. You say well.

MER. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i'faith; wisely, wisely.

Nur. If you be he, fir, I desire some confidence with you. [taking him aside.

BEN. She will indite him to supper.

MER. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd; So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

MER. No hare, fir; unless a hare, fir, in a lenten pye,
that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent:—

*An old hare hoar,
and an old hare hoar,
is very good meat in lent:
but a hare that is hoar
is too much for a score,
when it hoars ere it be spent. —*

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner
thither.

ROM. I will follow you.

MER. Farewel, ancient lady; farewel, lady, lady, lady.
[*Exeunt MER. and BEN.*]

Nur. I pray you, fir, what faucy merchant was this, that was fo full of his ropery?

ROM. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nur. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such *Jacks*; and if I can not, I'll find those that shall. *Scurvy*

knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skaines-mates:—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure.

Man. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nur. Now, afore God, I am so vext, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bad me enquire you out; what she bad me say, I will keep to myself: But first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offer'd to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nur. Good heart, and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman. [mark me.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not

Nur. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift This afternoon;

And there she shall at friar *Lawrence*' cell

Be shriv'd, and marry'd. Here † is for thy pains.

Nur. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nur. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee;
 And bring thee cords made like a tackl'd stair,
 Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
 Must be my convoy in the secret night.
 Farewel!—Be trusty, and I'll quite thy pains;
 Farewel!—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nur. Now God in heaven blefs thee!—Hark you, fir.
[calling him back.]

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nur. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say—
 Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

Nur. Well, fir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—
 Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing,—O,
 There is a nobleman in town, one *Paris*,
 That would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul,
 Had as lieve see a toad, a very toad,
 As see him: I do anger her sometimes,
 And tell her that *Paris* is the properer man;
 But, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks
 As pale as any clout i' the 'versal world.
 Doth not rosemary and *Romeo* begin
 Both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; What of that?
 Both with an R.

Nur. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name;
 R for thee? no; I know, it begins with
 Some other letter: and she hath the prettiest
 Sententious of it, of you and rosemary,
 'Twould do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nur. Ay, a thousand times.—*Peter!*

[Exit.

Man. Anon?

Nur. Before;
And walk apace.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Capulet's Garden.

Enter JULIET.

JUL. The clock strook nine, when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him: that's not so.

O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,

Driving back shadows over lowering hills:

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey; and from nine 'till twelve

Is three long hours, yet she is not come:

Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,

She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me:

But old folks, many fain as they were dead;

Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse, and her Man.

O God, she comes! — O honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nur. Peter, stay at the gate.

[*Exit Man.*]

JUL. Now, good sweet nurse, — O lord, why look'st
thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;

If good, thou sham'st the musick of sweet news

By playing it to me with so frow a face.

|| glides

Nur. I am awearry, give me leave a while;—
Fie, how my bones ake! What a jaunt have I had!

JUL. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good good nurse, speak.

Nur. *Jesu*, what haste? can you not stay a while?
Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

JUL. Howart thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me—that thou art out of breath?

The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:

Let me be satiffy'd; Is't good, or bad? [not

Nur. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know
How to choose a man: *Romeo*! no, not he;

Though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg

Excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot,

And a body,—though they be not to be talk'd on,
Yet they are past compare:

He is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him,
As gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God:
What, have you din'd at home?

JUL. No, no: But all this did I know before;
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nur. Lord, how my head akes! what a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back!—

Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,

To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

JUL. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well:

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nur. Your love says like an honest gentleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I war-
A virtuous: Where's your mother? [rant,

JUL. Where is my mother? why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou reply'st;

Your love says like an honest gentleman,—

Where is your mother?

Nur. O god's lady dear!

Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;

Is this the poultice for my aking bones?

Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JUL. Here's such a coil;—Come, what says Romeo?

Nur. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

JUL. I have.

Nur. Then hie you hence to friar Lawrence's cell,

There stays a husband to make you a wife:

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,

They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.

Hie you to church; I must another way,

To fetch a ladder, by the which your love

Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:

I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;

But you shall bear the burthen soon at night.

Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

JUL. Hie to high fortune;—honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt, severally.*]

SCENE III. Friar Lawrence's Cell.

Enter ROMEO, and Friar Lawrence.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after hours with sorrow chide us not!

ROM. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy

That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady; — O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamer,
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

JUL. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

JUL. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

ROM. Ah, *Juliet*, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich musick's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

JUL. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars, that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth. [work;

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short

15 gossamours, 31 sum of halfe my

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
 'Till holy church incorporate two in one. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. A publick Place.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page,
 and Servants.

BEN. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
 The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
 And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl;
 For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

MER. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when
 he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword
 upon the table, and says, *God send me no need of thee!* and,
 by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the
 drawer, when indeed there is no need.

BEN. Am I like such a fellow?

MER. Come, come, thou art as hot a *Jack* in thy mood
 as any in *Italy*; and as soon moved to be moody, and as
 soon moody to be mov'd.

BEN. And what to?

MER. Nay, an there were two such, we should have
 none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why,
 thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or
 a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast: thou wilt quar-
 rel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other rea-
 son but because thou hast hazel eyes; What eye, but
 such an eye, could spy out such a quarrel? thy head is
 as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy
 head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrel-
 ing: thou hast quarrel'd with a man for coughing in the
 street, because he hath waken'd thy dog that hath lain
 asleep in the sun: Did'st thou not fall out with a taylor,

for wearing his new doublet before easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarreling!

BEN. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

MER. The fee-simple? o simple!

Enter TYBALT, and Others.

BEN. By my head, here come the *Capulets*.

MER. By my heel, I care not.

TYB. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. —
Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

MER. And but one word with one of us? couple it with something; make it a word, and a blow.

TYB. You shall find me apt enough to that, fir, an you will give me occasion.

MER. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYB. *Mercutio*, thou consort'st with *Romeo*, —

MER. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my † fiddle-stick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

BEN. We talk here in the publick haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
And reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

MER. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

TYB. Well, peace be with you, fir; here comes my man.

MER. But I'll be hang'd, fir, if he wear your livery:

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship, in that sense, may call him — man.

TYB. *Romeo*, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this — Thou art a villain.

ROM. *Tybalt*, the reason I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: Villain am I none;
Therefore, farewell; I see, thou know'st me not.

TYB. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

ROM. I do protest, I never injur'd thee;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
'Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good *Capulet*, — which name I tender
As dearly as my own, — be satisfy'd.

MER. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
A la stoccata carries it away. — [draws.

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, come, will you walk?

TYB. What would'st thou have with me?

MER. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your
nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you
shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight.
Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears?
make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

TYB. I am for you. [draws too.

ROM. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy rapier up.

MER. Come, sir, your passado. [they fight.

ROM. Draw, *Benvolio*; [draws, and runs between.
Beat down their weapons: — Gentlemen, for shame
Forbear this outrage; — *Tybalt* — *Mercutio* —

[striving to part them.
The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying

In *Verona* streets:—hold, *Tybalt*;—good *Mercutio*.

[*Tybalt wounds Mercutio, and Exit.*

MER. I am hurt;—

A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:—

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

BEN. What, art thou hurt?

MER. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—
Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*

ROM. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

MER. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world; A plague o' both your houses!—What, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

ROM. I thought all for the best.

MER. Help me into some house, *Benvolio*,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me:
I ha't, and soundly too: Your houses!

[*Exit, led by BENVOLIO and Servants.*

ROM. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With *Tybalt's* slander, *Tybalt* that an hour
Hath been my kinsman:—O sweet *Juliet*,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO, hastily.

BEN. O *Romeo, Romeo*, brave *Mercutio's* dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

ROM. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

BEN. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* back again.

ROM. Again? in triumph? and *Mercutio* slain?

Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!—
Now, *Tybalt*, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for *Mercutio's* soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

TYB. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

ROM. This shall determine that. [*fight. Tybalt falls.*]

BEN. *Romeo*, away, be gone;
The citizens are up, and *Tybalt* slain:
Stand not amaz'd; the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken; hence, be gone, away.

ROM. O, I am fortune's fool!

BEN. Why dost thou stay? [*Exit ROMEO.*]

Enter Citizens, Officers, &c.

I. O. Which way ran he, that kill'd *Mercutio*?
Tybalt, that murd'rer, which way ran he?

BEN. There lies that *Tybalt*.

I. O. Up, fir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter Prince, and Attendants; MOUNTAGUE,
Capulet, their Wives, and Others.*

Pri. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BEN. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There † lies the man, slain by young *Romeo*,
That slew thy kinsman, brave *Mercutio*.

L. C. Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's child!—
O prince!—O husband!—O, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours shed blood of *Mountague*.—
O cousin, cousin!

Pri. *Benvolio*, who began this bloody fray?

BEN. *Tybalt*, here slain, whom *Romeo*'s hand did slay;
Romeo that spoke him fair, bad him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure: all this—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,—
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of *Tybalt* deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold *Mercutio*'s breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to *Tybalt*, whose dexterity
Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, swifter than his tongue,
His agil arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from *Tybalt* hit the life
Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled:
But by and by comes back to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I

Could draw to part them, was stout *Tybalt* slain;
And, as he fell, did *Romeo* turn and fly:
This is the truth, or let *Benvolio* die.

L. C. He is a kinsman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true;
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life:
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* must not live.

Pri. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mov. Not *Romeo*, prince, he was *Mercutio*'s friend;
His fault concludes but, what the law should end,
The life of *Tybalt*.

Pri. And, for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hates' proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,
Therefore use none: Let *Romeo* hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pard'ning those that kill. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Capulet's Garden.

Enter JULIET.

JUL. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards *Phæbus*' lodging; such a waggoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the west,

And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
 That the run-away's eyes may wink; and *Romeo*
 Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen.—
 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
 By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
 It best agrees with night;—Come, civil night,
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenheads:
 Hood my unman'd blood, baiting in my cheeks,
 With thy black mantle; 'till strange love, grown bold,
 Think true love acted simple modesty.
 Come, night,—Come, *Romeo*; come, thou day in night;
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
 Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—
 Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,
 Give me my *Romeo*: and, when he shall die,
 Take him and cut him out in little stars;
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
 That all the world shall be in love with night,
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
 But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
 Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,
 As is the night before some festival
 To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
 And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,
 Enter Nurse, at a Distance.
 And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks
 But *Romeo's* name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
 Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords,

That *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nur. Ay, ay, the cords. [throwing them down.]

JUL. Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nur. Ah wel-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead:—

We are undone, lady, we are undone;—

Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead,

JUL. Can heaven be so envious?

Nur. *Romeo* can,

Though heaven cannot:—O *Romeo*, *Romeo*,—

Who ever would have thought it?—*Romeo*!

JUL. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath *Romeo* slain himself? say thou but *I*,

And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:

I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*;

Or those eyes shut, that makes thee answer *I*.

If he be slain, say—*I*; or if not, no:

Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

Nur. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—

God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,

All in gore blood; I fownded at the sight. [once!]

JUL. O break, my heart; poor bankrupt, break at

To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty!

Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;

And thou, and *Romeo*, press one heavy bier!

[sinking into a Seat.]

Nur. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the best friend I had!

O courteous *Tybalt*! honest gentleman!

That ever I should live to see thee dead!

JUL. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?

[*Starting up.*]

Is *Romeo* slaughter'd? and is *Tybalt* dead?

My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?—

Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom;

For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nur. *Tybalt* is gone, and *Romeo* banished;

Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

JUL. O God!—did *Romeo's* hand shed *Tybalt's* blood?

Nur. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

JUL. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-rav'ning lamb!

Despised substance of divinest show;

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,

A damned faint, an honourable villain!—

O, nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,

When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—

Was ever book, containing such vile matter,

So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace!

Nur. There's no trust,

No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,

All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—

Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitae*!—

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old,

Shame come to *Romeo*!

JUL. Blister'd be thy tongue,

For such a wish! he was not born to shame;

Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him! [sin?

Nur. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cou-

JUL. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?—

Ah poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangl'd it?

But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?

That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

My husband lives, that *Tybalt* would have slain;

And *Tybalt* dead, that would have slain my husband:

All this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was, worse than *Tybalt's* death,

That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;

But, o, it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:

Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;

That—banished, that one word—banished,

Hath slain ten thousand *Tybalts*. *Tybalt's* death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there:

Or,—if four woe delights in fellowship,

And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—

Why follow'd not, when she said—*Tybalt's* dead,

Thy father, or thy mother, nay or both,

Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?

But, with a rear-ward following *Tybalt's* death,

Romeo is banished,—to speak that word,

Is father, mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,

All slain, all dead: *Romeo is banished*,—
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.—
 Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nur. Weeping and wailing over *Tybal*'s corse:
 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

JUL. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be
 spent,

When theirs are dry, for *Romeo's* banishment.
 Take up those cords;—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
 Both you and I; for *Romeo* is exil'd:
 He made you for a highway to my bed;
 But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
 Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding bed;
 And death, not *Romeo*, take my maidenhead.

Nur. Hie to your chamber: I'll find *Romeo*
 To comfort you; I wot well where he is.

Hark ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night;
 I'll to him, he is hid at *Lawrence's* cell.

JUL. O, find him! give this \dagger ring to my true knight;
 And bid him come, to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Friar Lawrence's Cell.*

Enter Friar Lawrence.

Fri. *Romeo*, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;

Enter ROMEO.

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
 And thou art wedded to calamity.

ROM. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
 What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
 That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar

Is my dear son with such four company:

I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

ROM. What less than doom's-day is the prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips;
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

ROM. Ha, banishment? be merciful, say—death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say—banishment.

Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROM. There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's-exile is death; then banishment
Is death mis-term'd: calling death—banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! o rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou see'st it not.

ROM. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where *Juliet* lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But *Romeo* may not: More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than *Romeo*: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear *Juliet*'s hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,

Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin:
 Flies may do this, but I from this must fly;
 They are free men, but I am banished.
 Hadst thou no poison mixt, no sharp-ground knife,
 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
 But—banished—to kill me? banished?
 O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
 Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
 A sin-absolver, and my friend profess,
 To mangle me with that word—banishment?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
 To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!
 Unless philosophy can make a *Juliet*,
 Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;
 It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears. [eyes?

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel:
 Wert thou as young as I, *Juliet* thy love,
 An hour but marry'd, *Tybalt* murdered,
 Doating like me, and like me banished,
 Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
 And fall upon the ground, as I do† now,
 Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[*Knock within.*

Fri. Arise, one knocks; good *Romeo*, hide thyself.

ROM. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, enfold me from the search of eyes.

[*Knock again.*]

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—*Romeo*,
Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—stand up; [arise;

[*Knock again.*]

Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!

What simpleness is this?—I come, I come.

[*Knock again.*]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Nur. [*within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know
my errand;

I come from lady *Juliet*.

Fri. Welcome then.

[*opens.*]

Enter Nurse.

Nur. O holy friar, o, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's *Romeo*? [drunk.]

Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears made

Nur. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case,—O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!—even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering:—
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man;
For *Juliet*'s sake, for her sake rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

ROM. Nurse?

Nur. Ah, sir! ah, sir! death is the end of all.

ROM. Spak'st thou of *Juliet*? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murtherer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says

My conceal'd lady to our cancel'd love?

Nur. O, she says nothing, fir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And *Tybalt* calls; and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then down falls again.

ROM. As if that name, [*Starting up.*
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—Tell me, friar, tell me,
[*drawing out a Dagger.*

In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*from him.*

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand [*wrestling the Dagger*
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!
And ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me: By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain *Tybalt*? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady, that in thy life lives,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once would'st lose.
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,

9 kinsman. Oh tell

Digressing from the valour of a man:
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish:
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in the skill-less soldier's flask,
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man! thy *Juliet* is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou slew'st *Tybalt*; there too art thou happy:
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings light upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a mis'-hav'd and a fullen wench,
Thou poast'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But look thou stay not 'till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to *Mantua*;
Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse; commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

Nur. O lord, I could have stay'd here all the night,
To hear good counsel: o, what learning is! —
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nur. Here, † fir, a ring she bid me give you, fir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this.

Fri. Go hence, good night: — [*Exit Nurse.*] and here
stands all your state, —

• Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:
Sojourn in *Mantua*; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late, farewell, good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief so brief to part with thee:
Farewel. [*Exeunt, severally.*]

SCENE VII. A Room in Capulet's House.

*Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and
Lady Capulet.*

CAP. Things have fall'n out, fir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter;
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman *Tybalt* dearly,
And so did I; — Well, we were born to die.
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

PAR. These times of woe afford no times to woo: —
Madam, good night; commend me to your daughter.

L. C. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;

To-night she is mew'd up to her heaviness.

CAP. Sir *Paris*, [*calling him back.*] I will make a desperate tender

Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.—

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son *Paris*' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on we'nsday next—
But, soft; What day is this?

PAR. Monday, my lord.

CAP. Monday? ha, ha! Well, we'nsday is too soon,
O' thursday let it be;—o' thursday, tell her,
She shall be marry'd to this noble earl:—

Will you be ready? do you like this haste?

We'll keep no great ado; a friend, or two:

For hark you, *Tybalt* being slain so late,

It may be thought we held him carelessly,

Being our kinsman, if we revel much:

Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,

And there an end. But what say you to thursday?

PAR. My lord, I would that thursday were to-morrow.

CAP. Well, get you gone; o' thursday be it then:—

Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed,

Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.—

Farewel, my lord.—[*Exit PAR.*] Light to my chamber, ho!

Now, afore me, it is so very late,

That we may call it early by and by:—

Good night.

[*Exeunt, severally.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Anti-room of Juliet's Chamber.*

Enter ROMEO, and JULIET.

JUL. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon' pome-granate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROM. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale; look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountains' tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JUL. Yon' light is not day-light, I know it, I;
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*:
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

ROM. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon' grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of *Cynthia's* brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay, than will to go;—
Come, death, and welcome! *Juliet* wills it so.—
How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

JUL. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and displeasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:

Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows. [woes.

ROM. More light and light, more dark and dark our

Enter Nurse, to the Door.

Nur. Madam!

JUL. Nurse?

Nur. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [Exit.

JUL. Then, window, [*op'ning it.*] let day in, and let
life out.

ROM. Farewel, farewell! one kifs, and I'll descend.

[*kisses her, and goes out of it.*]

JUL. Art thou gone so? Love! lord! ah, husband! friend!
I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O, by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my *Romeo*.

ROM. Farewel! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

JUL. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

ROM. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our times to come.

JUL. O God! I have an ill-divining soul;
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

ROM. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

[Exit ROMEO, below.]

JUL. O fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

L. C. [*within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

JUL. Who is't, that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady Capulet.

L. C. Why, how now, *Juliet*?

JUL. Madam, I am not well.

L. C. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live;
Therefore, have done: Some grief shews much of love;
But much of grief shews still some want of wit.

JUL. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

L. C. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you do weep for.

JUL. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

L. C. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

JUL. What villain, madam?

L. C. That same villain, *Romeo*.

JUL. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

L. C. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

JUL. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands:
'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!

L. C. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then, weep no more. I'll send to one in *Mantua*,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soon keep *Tybalt* company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfy'd.

JUL. Indeed, I never shall be satisfy'd
With *Romeo*, 'till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vext:—
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That *Romeo* should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin *Tybalt*
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

L. C. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

JUL. And joy comes well in such a needful time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

L. C. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

JUL. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

L. C. Marry, my child, early next thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county *Paris*, at saint *Peter's* church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

JUL. Now, by saint *Peter's* church, and *Peter* too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed

Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
 I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
 I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
 It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate,
 Rather than *Paris*:—These are news indeed!

Enter CAPULET, at a Distance;

Nurse following.

L. C. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
 And see how he will take it at your hands.

CAP. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
 But for the sun-set of my brother's son,
 It rains downright.—

How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
 Evermore show'ring? In one little body
 Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
 For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
 Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
 Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
 Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
 Without a sudden calm, will overset
 Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?
 Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

L. C. Ay, fir; but she will none, she gives you thanks;
 I would, the fool were marry'd to her grave.

CAP. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
 How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
 Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
 Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
 So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

JUL. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have
 Proud can I never be of what I hate;
 But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

CAP. How, how! how, how! chop logick? What is this?
Proud—and, I thank you—and, I thank you not—
And yet not proud—Mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But settle your fine joints, 'gainst thursday next,
To go with *Paris* to saint *Peter's* church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!

L. C. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

JUL. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

CAP. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us blest,
That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!

Nur. God in heaven blefs her!—

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

CAP. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nur. I speak no treason:

CAP. O, God-ye-good-den?

Nur. May not one speak?

CAP. Peace, peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

L. C. You are too hot.

CAP. God's bread! it makes me mad: Day, night, late,
 At home, abroad, alone, in company, [early,
 Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
 To have her match'd: and having now provided
 A gentleman of princely parentage,
 Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
 Stuft (as they say) with honourable parts,
 Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man,—
 And then to have a wretched puling fool,
 A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
 To answer—*I'll not wed,—I cannot love,—*
I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me;—
 But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me;
 Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
 Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
 Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [Exit.

JUL. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
 That sees into the bottom of my grief?—
 O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
 In that dim monument where *Tybalt* lies.

L. C. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word;
 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit.

JUL. O God!—O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
 My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
 How shall that faith return again to earth,

Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems,
Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nur. 'Faith, here 'tis: *Romeo*
Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you marry'd with the county:
O, he's a lovely gentleman! *Romeo*!
Romeo's a dish-clout to him; an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As *Paris* hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

JUL. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nur. And from my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.

JUL. Amen!

Nur. What?

JUL. Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much.
Go in; and tell my lady, I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to *Lawrence*' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nur. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [*Exit.*]

JUL. Ancient damnation! o most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,

Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times? — Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain. —
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Friar Lawrence's Cell.*

Enter Friar Lawrence, and PARIS.

Fri. On thursday, sir? the time is very short.

PAR. My father *Capulet* will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

PAR. Immoderately she weeps for *Tybalt's* death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For *Venus* smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she do give her sorrow so much sway;
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears:
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. "I would, I knew not why it should be slow'd."
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

PAR. Happily met, my lady, and my wife.

JUL. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

PAR. That may be, must be, love, on thursday next.

JUL. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

PAR. Come you to make confession to this father?

JUL. To answer that, were to confess to you.

PAR. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

JUL. I will confess to you, that I love him.

PAR. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

JUL. If I do so, it will be of more price
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

PAR. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

JUL. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough, before their spite. [port.

PAR. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that re-

JUL. That is no wrong, sir, that is but a truth:
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

PAR. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

JUL. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now:—
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

PAR. God sheild, I should disturb devotion!—

Juliet, on thursday early will I rouze you:
'Till then, adieu; and keep this holy † kifs.

[Exit PARIS.]

JUL. O, shut the door! and, when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; Past hope, past cure, past help!

Fri. Ah, *Juliet*, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On thursday next be marry'd to this count.

JUL. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,
 And with this † knife I'll help it presently.
 God join'd my heart and *Romeo's*, thou our hands;
 And ere this hand, by thee to *Romeo* seal'd,
 Shall be the label to another deed,
 Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
 Turn to another, this † shall slay them both:
 Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
 Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
 'Twixt my extreams and me this bloody knife
 Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
 Which the commission of thy years and art
 Could to no issue of true honour bring.
 Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,
 Which craves as desperate an execution
 As that is desperate which we would prevent.
 If, rather than to marry county *Paris*,
 Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself;
 Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,
 That cop'it with death himself to scape from it;
 And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

JUL. O, bid me leap, rather than marry *Paris*,
 From off the battlements of any tower;
 Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
 Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
 Or hide me nightly in a charnel house,
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
 With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave,

And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,
 Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
 And I will do it without fear or doubt,
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
 To marry *Paris*: Wednesday is to-morrow;
 To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
 Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
 Take thou this † vial, being then in bed,
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
 When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
 A cold and drowzy humour; for no pulse
 Shall keep his native progress, but surcease;
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To pale ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
 Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
 Shall stiff, and stark, and cold appear like death:
 And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
 Then (as the manner of our country is)
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
 Thou shalt be born to that same antient vault
 Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie.
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall *Romeo* by my letters know our drift;
 And hither shall he come, and he and I
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night

Shall *Romeo* bear thee hence to *Mantua*.
 And this shall free thee from this present shame;
 If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.

JUL. Give me, o give me! tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold \ddagger ; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
 In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
 To *Mantua*, with my letters to thy lord. [afford.

JUL. Love give me strength! and strength shall help
 Farewel, dear father. [Exeunt, severally.

SCENE III. *Hall in Capulet's House.*

Enter *CAPULET*, his Lady, Nurse, and Servants.

CAP. So many guests invite as here \ddagger are writ. —

[to a Servant; who goes out.

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

I. S. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they
 can lick their fingers.

CAP. How canst thou try them so?

I. S. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his
 own fingers: therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers,
 goes not with me.

CAP. Go, begone. —

[Exit Servant.

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time. —

What, is my daughter gone to friar *Lawrence*?

Nur. Ay, forsooth.

CAP. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
 A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter *JULIET*.

Nur. See, where she comes from shrift with merry look.

CAP. How now, my head-strong? where have you been
 gadding?

\S Give me, give me, O tell

JUL. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy *Lawrence* to fall prostrate here,
To beg your pardon: Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

CAP. Send for the county, go, tell him of this;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

JUL. I met the youthful lord at *Lawrence's* cell;
And gave him what becoming love I might,
Not stepping-o'er the bounds of modesty.

CAP. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand up,—
This is as't should be:—Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this holy reverend friar—
All our whole city is much bound to him.

JUL. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow.

L. C. No, not'till thursday; there is time enough [ow.

CAP. Go, nurse, go with her; we'll to church to-morr—
[*Exeunt JULIET, and Nurse.*

L. C. We shall be short in our provision;
'Tis now near night.

CAP. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warr'nt thee, wife:
Go thou to *Juliet*, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone,
I'll play the huswife for this once.—What ho!—
They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself
To county *Paris*, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,

so becomed

Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Juliet's Chamber.

Enter JULIET, and Nurse.

JUL. Ay, those attires are best: But, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

L. C. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

JUL. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night set up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

L. C. Good night!

Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt Lady, and Nurse.*]

JUL. Farewel!—God knows, when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me;—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, vial.—

What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be marry'd then to-morrow morning?
No, no; this I shall forbid it;—lie thou there.—
What if it be a poison, which the friar

Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he marry'd me before to *Romeo*?
I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been try'd a holy man.
How if, when I am lay'd into the tomb,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stiff'd in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breaths in,
And there die strangl'd ere my *Romeo* comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my bury'd ancestors are packt;
Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Alack, alack, is it not like, that I,
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells;
And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangl'd *Tybalt* from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out *Romeo*, that did spit his body

Upon a rapier's point:— Stay, Tybalt, stay! —

Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[drinks; throws away the Vial, and casts herself upon the Bed. Scene closes.]

SCENE V. The Hall.

Enter Lady Capulet, and Nurse.

L. C. Hold, take these † keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nur. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET, hastily.

CAP. Come, stir, stir, stir; the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfeu bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock: —
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

Nur. Go, go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

CAP. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd ere now
All night for a less cause, and ne'er been sick.

L. C. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[Exeunt Lady, and Nurse.]

CAP. A jealous-hood, a jealous hood — Now, fellow,

Enter divers Servants, with logs, baskets, &c.

What's there?

1. S. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

CAP. Make haste, make haste. [Exit Ser.] Sirrah, fetch
drier logs;

Call Peter, he will shew you where they are.

2. S. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,

And never trouble Peter for the matter. [Exit.]

CAP. Mafs, and well faid; A merry whorfon! ha,
Thou fhalt be logger-head. Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with musick ftraight,

[Musick within.

For fo he faid he would. I hear him near:—

Nurfe!—Wife! what, ho!—what, nurfe, I fay!

Enter Nurfe.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;

I'll go and chat with Paris:—hey, make hafte,

Make hafte! the bridegroom he is come already;

Make hafte, I fay! [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Anti-room of Juliet's Chamber.

Door of the Chamber open, and Juliet upon her Bed.

Enter Nurfe.

[her:—

Nur. Miftrefs! what, miftrefs! Juliet!—fafte, I warrant

Why, lamb! why, lady!—fie, you flug-abad!—

Why, love, I fay! madam! sweet heart! why, bride!—

What, not a word?—you take your pen'-orths now;

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,

The county Paris hath fet up his reft,

That you fhall reft but little.—God forgive me,

(Marry, and amen) how found is fhe afleep!

I needs muft wake her:—Madam! madam! madam!

[goes towards the Bed.

Ay, let the county take you in your bed;

He'll fright you up, i'faith.—Will it not be?

[undraws the Curtains.

What, drest! and in your cloaths! and down again!

I muft needs wake you:—Lady! lady! lady!

[faking her.

Alas, alas!—Help, help! my lady's dead!—

O wel-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Some *aqua-vitæ*, ho!—My lord!—my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

L. C. What noise is here?

Nur. O lamentable day!

L. C. What is the matter?

Nur. Look, † look! O heavy day!

L. C. O me, o me!—my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

CAP. For shame, bring *Juliet* forth; her lord is come.

Nur. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the day!

L. C. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

CAP. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settl'd, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been seperated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nur. O lamentable day!

L. C. O woful time!

CAP. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

*Enter Friar Lawrence, and PARIS; Musicians,
and Servants, after them.*

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

CAP. Ready to go, but never to return:—
O son, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy wife; see, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflow'ed now by him.—
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir,
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,

And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.

PAR. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

L. C. Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hateful day;
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

Nur. O woe! o woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day, most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day, o day, o day, o hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woful day, o woful day!

PAR. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spighted, slain;
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! o life! not life, but love in death!

CAP. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murder murder our solemnity?—

O child, o child,—my soul, and not my child,—
Dead art thou, ~~dead~~! alack, my child is dead;
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was—her promotion;

For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanc'd:
 And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,
 Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
 O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
 That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
 She's not well marry'd, that lives marry'd long;
 But she's best marry'd, that dies marry'd young.
 Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
 On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
 In all her best array bear her to church:
 For though fond nature bids us all lament,
 Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

CAP. All things, that we ordained festival,
 Turn from their office to black funeral:
 Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
 Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
 Our solemn hymns to fullen dirges change;
 Our bridal flowers serve for a bury'd corse,
 And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him,—
 And go, fir *Paris*;—every one prepare
 To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
 The heavens do lour upon you, for some ill;
 Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt Friar Lawrence, PARIS, CAPULET,
 and Lady Capulet. Door shut.*]

1. M. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nur. Honest good-fellows, ah, put up, put up;
 For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [Exit.]

1. M. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter another Servant.

Ser. Musicians, o, musicians, *Heart's ease, heart's ease*

O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's ease*.

1. *M.* Why *heart's ease*?

Ser. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—
My heart is full of woe: O, play me some merry dump,
to comfort me.

1. *M.* Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Ser. You will not then?

1. *M.* No.

Ser. I will then give it you soundly.

1. *M.* What will you give us?

Ser. No money, on my faith; but the glee: I will
give you the minstrel.

1. *M.* Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Ser. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger
on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll
fa you; Do you note me?

1. *M.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2. *M.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your
wit.

Ser. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-beat
you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. An-
swer me like men;

*When griping grief the heart doth wound,
and doleful dumps the mind oppress,
then musick, with her silver sound,*

*why silver sound? why musick with her silver sound?—
What say you, Simon Catling?*

1. *M.* Marry, fir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Ser. Pratee.—What say you, *Hugh Rebeck*?

2. *M.* I say—*silver sound*, because musicians sound for
silver.

Ser. Pratee too.—What say you, *James Sound-post*?

3. *M.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Ser. O, I cry you mercy! you are the finger: I will say for you; It is — *musick with her silver sound*, because such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding: —

*then musick, with her silver sound,
with speedy help doth lend redress.*

[*Exit, singing.*

1. *M.* What a pestilent knave is this same?

2. *M.* Hang him *Jack*! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Mantua. A Street.

Enter ROMEO.

ROM. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts be above the ground with chearful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter BALTHAZAR.

News from *Verona*! — How now, *Balthazar*?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?

How doth my *Juliet*? that I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

BAL. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body sleeps in *Capulets'* monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives;
I saw her lay'd low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

ROM. Is it even so? then I deny you, stars.—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

BAL. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

ROM. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

BAL. No, my good lord.

ROM. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit BALTHAZAR.*]

Well, *Juliet*, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O, mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meager were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuft, and other skins

4 *Capels*

Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
 A beggarly account of empty boxes,
 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty feeds,
 Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
 Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a shew.
 Noting this penury, to myself I said—
 An if a man did need a poison now,
 Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*,
 Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
 O, this same thought did but fore-run my need;
 And this same needy man must sell it me.
 As I remember, this should be the house:
 Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut. —
 What ho, apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Apo. Who calls so loud?

ROM. Come hither, man. I see, that thou art poor;
 Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
 A dram of poison; such soon-speeding geer
 As will disperse itself through all the veins,
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
 And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
 As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Apo. Such mortal drugs I have; but *Mantua's* law
 Is death, to any he that utters them.

ROM. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
 And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
 Need and oppression stareth in thine eyes,
 Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back,
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
 The world affords no law to make thee rich;

Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Apo. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Apo. Put this † in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy † gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.

Farewel; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—

Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me

To *Juliet's* grave, for there must I use thee. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Friar Lawrence's Cell.*

Enter Friar John.

F. J. Holy *Franciscan* friar, brother, ho!

Enter Friar Lawrence.

F. L. This same should be the voice of friar *John*.—
Welcome from *Mantua*: What says *Romeo*?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

F. J. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to *Mantua* there was stay'd.

F. L. Who bare my letter then to *Romeo*?

F. J. I could not send it,—here † it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,

So fearful were they of infection.

F. L. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar *John*, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

F. J. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [Exit.

F. L. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within these three hours will fair *Juliet* wake;
She will beshrew me much, that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to *Mantua*,
And keep her at my cell 'till *Romeo* come;
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb. [Exit.

SCENE III. *A Church-yard;*
in it, a Monument belonging to the Capulets.
Enter PARIS; a Page with him, bearing
Flowers, and a Torch.

PAR. Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and stand aloof;—
Yet put it out, [*giving it back.*] for I would not be seen.
[*Boy puts out the Torch.*

Under yon' yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves).
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Pag. "I am almost afraid to stand alone"
"Here in the church-yard; yet I will adventure." [*retires.*

PAR. Sweet flower, [*going up to the Tomb.*] with flowers thy bridal bed I † strew:

O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones!
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew;
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans:
The obsequies, that I for thee will keep
Nightly, shall be—to strew thy grave, and weep.

[*Boy whistles.*]

The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites?
What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while. [*retires.*]

*Enter ROMEO; BALTHAZAR with him,
bearing a Torch, Mattock, &c.*

ROM. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.

[*takes them, and approaches the Tomb.*]

Hold, take this † letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face:
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring; a ring, that I must use
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:—
But if thou jealous dost return to pry
In what I farther shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage, wild;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,

Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

BAL. I will be gone, fir, and not trouble you.

ROM. So shalt thou shew me friendship. Take thou†
that:

Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

BAL. "For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout;"

"His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt." [*retires.*]

ROM. Thou détestable maw, thou womb of death,
[*fixing his Mattock in the Tomb.*]

Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,

Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open, [*Tomb opens.*]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food.

PAR. This is that banish'd haughty *Mountague*,

That murder'd my love's cousin; — with which grief,

It is supposed, the fair creature dy'd, —

And here is come to do some villanous shame

To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him: —

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile *Mountague*;

[*draws, and rushes forward.*]

Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?♦

Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:

Obeys, and go with me; for thou must die.

ROM. I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither. —

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,

Fly hence and leave me; think upon these gone,

Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,

Put not another sin upon my head,

By urging me to fury; o, be gone:

By heaven, I love thee better than myself;

For I come hither arm'd against myself:

Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say —

A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

PAR. I do defy thy conjuration,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

ROM. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy.

[draws, and they fight.]

Pag. O lord! they fight: I will go call the watch.

[Exit Page.]

PAR. O, I am slain! —[falls.] If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [dies.]

ROM. In faith, I will: — Let me peruse this face; —
[holds the Torch to it.]

Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris: —

What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, Paris should have marry'd Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so? — O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave, —
A grave? o, no; a lanthorn, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there by a dead man interr'd.

[enters the Tomb, carrying in the Body.]

How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry, which their keepers call
A lightning before death? o, how may I
Call this a lightning? — O, my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,

* commiration

And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?
 O, what more favour can I do to thee,
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
 To funder his that was thine enemy?
 Forgive me, cousin!— Ah, dear *Juliet*,
 Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
 That unsubstantial death is amorous;
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
 For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again: here, here will I remain

[throwing himself by her.]

With worms that are thy chamber-maids; o, here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest;
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-weary'd flesh.— Eyes, look your last;
 Arms, take your last embrace; and lips, o you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death.—
 Come, bitter conduct, come, unfavoury guide,

[pours it into a Cup.]

Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks my sea-sick weary bark!
 Here's to my love!—*[drinks.]* O true apothecary!
 Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.

[kisses her, and expires.]

*Enter, at other end the Yard, Friar Lawrence,
 with a Lanthorn, Crow, and Spade.*

Fri. Saint *Francis* be my speed! how oft to-night
 Have my old feet stumbl'd at graves?—Who's there?

BAL. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. Blifs be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the *Capulets'* monument.

BAL. It doth so, holy fir; and there's my master,
One that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

BAL. *Romeo.*

Fri. How long hath he been there?

BAL. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

BAL. I dare not, fir:

My master knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone;—Fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

BAL. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. *Romeo?*— [*leaves him, and goes forward.*]
Alack, alack! what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulcher?—
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?—

[*enters the Monument.*]

Romeo! o, pale!—Who else? what, *Paris* too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—

The lady stirs. [*JULIET wakes, and looks about her.*]

JUL. O comfortable friar, where is my lord?
 I do remember well where I should be,
 And there I am; Where is my *Romeo*? [*Noise within.*
Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
 Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
 A greater power than we can contradict
 Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away;
 Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
 And *Paris* too; come, I'll dispose of thee
 Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
 Stay not to question, for the watch is coming; [*ger.*
 Come, go, good *Juliet*,—[*Noise again.*] I dare stay no lon-
 [*Exit, hastily.*

JUL. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
 What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
 Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—
 O churl, drink all; and leave no friendly drop,
 To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
 Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
 To make me die with a restorative. [*kisses him.*
 Thy lips are warm.

1. W. [*within.*] Lead, boy; Which way?

JUL. Yea, noise? then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger!
 [*taking Romeo's.*
 This is thy sheath; [*stabs herself.*] there rust, and let me
 die. [*throws herself upon her Lover, and expires.*
Enter Watch, and the Page.

Pag. This is the place; there, where the torch doth
 burn. [*yard;*

1. W. The ground is bloody; Search about the church-
 Go, some of you, whoe'er you find, attach.

[*Exeunt some of the Watch, the rest enter the Tomb.*

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain; —
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried. —
Go, tell the prince, — run to the Capulets, —
Raise up the Mountagues, — some others search: —

[*Exeunt other Watch.*]

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHAZAR.

2. *W.* Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the church-yard.

1. *W.* Hold him in safety, 'till the prince come hither.

Enter Others, with Friar Lawrence.

3. *W.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps;
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1. *W.* A great suspicion; Stay the friar too.

Enter Prince, and Attendants.

Pri. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, his Lady, and Others.

CAP. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

L. C. The people in the street cry — Romeo,
Some — Juliet, and some — Paris; and all run,
With open out-cry, toward our monument.

[*Prince, and the rest, enter the Monument.*]

Pri. What fear is this, which startles in our ears?

[*to the Watch.*]

1. *W.* Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Pri. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

I. W. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs. [bleeds!]

Cap. O heaven!—O, wife, look how our daughter
This dagger hath mis-ta'en, for, lo, his house
Is empty on the back of *Mountague*,
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

L. C. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulcher.

Enter MOUNTAGUE, and Others.

Pri. Come, *Mountague*; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir now early down.

Mov. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopt her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?

Pri. Look, and thou shalt see. [*showing Romeo.*]

Mov. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Pri. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,

[*comes from the Monument.*]

'Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

[*Balthazar, and the Friar, brought forth.*]

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;

And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Pri. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that *Juliet*;
And she, there dead, that *Romeo's* faithful wife:
I marry'd them; and their stoln marriage-day
Was *Tybalt's* dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for *Tybalt*, *Juliet* pin'd.

You—to remove that siege of grief from her—
Betroth'd, and would have marry'd her perforce,
To county *Paris*: Then comes she to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or, in my cell, there would she kill herself.

Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: mean time I writ to *Romeo*,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, friar *John*,
Was slay'd by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back: Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
'Till I conveniently could send to *Romeo*:
But, when I came, (some minute ere the time

Of her awaking) here untimely lay
 The noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo*, dead.
 She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
 And bear this work of heaven with patience:
 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
 And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
 But (as it seems) did violence on herself.
 All this I know; and to the marriage
 Her nurse is privy: And, if ought in this
 Miscarry'd by my fault, let my old life
 Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
 Unto the rigour of severest law.

Pri. We still have known thee for a holy man.—
 Where's *Romeo's* man? what can he say in this?

BAL. I brought my master news of *Juliet's* death;
 And then in post he came from *Mantua*,
 To this same place, to this same monument.
 This † letter he early bid me give his father;
 And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
 If I departed not, and left him there.

Pri. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—

[*Balthazar gives the Letter.*]

Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—
 Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Pag. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
 And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
 Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
 And, by and by, my master drew on him;
 And then I ran away to call the watch.

Pri. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
 Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
 And here he writes—that he did buy a poison

Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with *Juliet*.—
Where be these enemies, *Capulet*, *Mountague*?—
See, what a scourge is lay'd upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love:
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen; all are punish'd.

CAP. O, brother *Mountague*, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

MOU. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That, while *Verona* by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful *Juliet*.

CAP. As rich shall *Romeo* by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity.

PRI. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not shew his head:

Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:

For never was a story of more woe,

Than this of *Juliet* and her *Romeo*.

[*Exeunt.*]

The first of these is the fact that the State of New York was the first to establish a system of public education. This was done in 1784, when the State passed a law which provided for the establishment of a system of common schools. This law was the first of its kind in the United States, and it was the first step towards the establishment of a system of public education in this country.

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HAMLET.

VOL. X.

H

Persons represented.

Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark*:
Claudius, *King of Denmark, his Uncle*.
Polonius, *a great Officer*:
Cornelius,
Voltimand, } *Gentlemen of the*
Rosincrantz, and } *Court of Claudius.*
Guildenstern,
Laertes, *Son to Polonius*:
Reynaldo, *a Domestick*.
Horatio, *Friend to Hamlet*:
Francisco, *a Soldier*; Bernardo,
and Marcellus, *Officers*.
Osrick, *a Courtier*; another *Courtier*:
Gentlemen, two; Clowns, two, *Grave-diggers*:
Priest, *Player, Sailor, Servant to Horatio*.
Ghost of Hamlet's Father.
Fortinbras, *a Prince of Norway*:
a Captain: an Ambassador.
Prologue; Duke, Dutchess, and their
Nephew, *Presenters in the Interlude*.

Gertrude, *Hamlet's Mother, Queen to Claudius*.
Ophelia, *Daughter of Polonius*.

*Lords, Ladies, and divers other Attendants; Priests,
Players, Sailors, Officers, and Soldiers.*

Scene, Elfinour.

H A M L E T.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Elfinour. Platform of the Castle.

FRANCISCO upon his Post; Enter, to him, BERNARDO.

BER. Who's there?

FRA. Nay, answer me; stand, and unfold
Yourself.

BER. Long live the king!

FRA. Bernardo?

BER. He.

FRA. You come most carefully upon your hour.

BER. 'Tis now strook twelve; get thee to bed, *Francisco*.

FRA. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

BER. Have you had quiet guard?

FRA. Not a mouse stirring.

BER. Well, good night.

If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,

The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

FRA. I think, I hear them:—Stand, ho! who is there?

HOR. Friends to this ground:

MAR. And liegemen to the *Dane*.

FRA. Give you good night.

MAR. O, farewell, honest soldier:

Who hath reliev'd you?

FRA. *Bernardo* hath my place:

Give you good night.

[*Exit FRANCISCO.*]

MAR. Hola! *Bernardo*!

BER. Say,

What, is *Horatio* there?

HOR. A piece of him.

BER. Welcome, *Horatio*;—welcome, good *Marcellus*.

HOR. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

BER. I have seen nothing.

MAR. *Horatio* says, 'tis but our fantasy;

And will not let belief take hold of him,

Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:

Therefore I have intreated him along,

With us to watch the minutes of this night;

That, if again this apparition come,

He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

HOR. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

BER. Sit down a while;

And let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortify'd against our story,

What we have two nights seen.

HOR. Well, sit we down,

And let us hear *Bernardo* speak of this.

BER. Last night of all,

When yon' same star, that's westward from the pole,

Had made his course t'illuminate that part of heaven

Where now it burns, *Marcellus*, and myself,
The bell then beating one,—

Enter Ghost.

MAR. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes a-
gain!

BER. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

MAR. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, *Horatio*.

BER. Looks it not like the king? mark it, *Horatio*.

HOR. Most like: it harrows me with fear, and wonder.

BER. It would be spoke to.

MAR. Speak to it, *Horatio*.

HOR. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of bury'd *Denmark*
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak.

MAR. It is offended.

BER. See, it stalks away.

HOR. Stay; speak; I charge thee, speak. [*Exit Ghost.*]

MAR. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

BER. How now, *Horatio*? you tremble, and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?

HOR. Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

MAR. Is it not like the king?

HOR. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious *Norway* combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the fledged *Polack* on the ice.
'Tis strange.

MAR. Thus, twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

HOR. In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

MAR. Good now sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land;
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of ship-wrights, whose fore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week:
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day;
Who is't, that can inform me?

HOR. That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which, our valiant *Hamlet*
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbras*: who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratify'd by law, and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return
To the inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same comart,
And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to *Hamlet*: Now, sir, young *Fortinbras*,

Hamlet.

7

Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway*, here and there,
Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute,
For food and diet, to some enterprize
That hath a stomach in't; which is no other,
(As it doth well appear unto our state)
But to recover of us, by strong hand,
And terms compulsatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost: And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations;
The source of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

BER. I think, it be no other, but even so:
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king
That was, and is the question of these wars.

HOR. A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of *Rome*,
A little ere the mightiest *Julius* fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the *Roman* streets;
Stars shone with trains of fire; dews of blood fell;
Disasters dim'd the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence *Neptune's* empire stands,
Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse.
And even the like precursor of fierce events,—
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on,—
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft; behold; lo, where it comes again!

I'll cross it, though it blast me. — Stay, illusion;
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:

If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, hapily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak:

Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death, [*Ilus.*
Speak of it; [*Cock crows.*] stay, and speak. — Stop it, *Marce-*

MAR. Shall I strike at it with my partizan?

HOR. Do, if it will not stand.

BER. 'Tis here.

HOR. 'Tis here.

MAR. 'Tis gone.

[*Exit Ghost.*]

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

BER. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

HOR. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

MAR. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
 Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
 Wherein our saviour's birth is celebrated,
 This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
 And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
 The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
 No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm,
 So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

HOR. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
 But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
 Walks o'er the dew of yon' high eastward hill:
 Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
 Let us impart what we have seen to-night
 Unto young *Hamlet*; for, upon my life,
 This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
 Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
 As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

MAR. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
 Where we shall find him most convenient. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. The same. A Room of State in t^{he} same.

*Enter King, Queen, and HAMLET; with POLONIUS,
 LAERTES, Lords, &c. VOLTIMAND, and
 CORNELIUS.*

Kin. Though yet of *Hamlet* our dear brother's death
 The memory be green; and that it us befitted
 To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
 To be contracted in one brow of woe;
 Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
 That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
 Together with remembrance of ourselves.
 Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,

The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
 Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—
 With one auspicious, and one dropping eye;
 With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage;
 In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
 Taken to wife: nor have we herein bar'd
 Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
 With this affair along: For all, our thanks.
 Now follows, that you know, young *Fortinbras*,—
 Holding a weak supposal of our worth;
 Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
 Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,—
 Co-leagued with this dream of his advantage,
 He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
 Importing the surrender of those lands
 Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
 To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
 Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.
 Thus much the business is: We have here † writ
 To *Norway*, uncle of young *Fortinbras*,—
 Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
 Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
 His further gait herein; in that the levies,
 The lists, and full proportions, are all made
 Out of his subject:—and we here dispatch
 You, good *Cornelius*, and you, *Voltimand*,
 For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*;
 Giving to you no further personal power
 To business with the king, more than the scope
 Of these † dilated articles allow.
 Farewel; and let your haste commend your duty. [duty.
COR. VOL. In that, and all things, will we show our

Kin. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell.—

[*Exeunt VOLTIMAND, and CORNELIUS.*]

And now, *Laertes*, what's the news with you?

You told us of some suit; What is't, *Laertes*?

You cannot speak of reason to the *Dane*,

And lose your voice: What would'st thou beg, *Laertes*,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?

The head is not more native to the heart,

The hand more instrumental to the mouth,

Than to the throne of *Denmark* is thy father.

What would'st thou have, *Laertes*?

LAE. My dread lord,

Your leave and favour to return to *France*:

From whence though willingly I came to *Denmark*,

To show my duty in your coronation;

Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,

My thoughts and wishes bend again toward *France*,

And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon. [*us?*]

Kin. Have you your father's leave?—What says *Poloni-*

POL. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition; and, at last,

Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:

I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

Kin. Take thy fair hour, *Laertes*; time be thine,

And thy best graces spend it at thy will.—

But now, my cousin *Hamlet*, and my son,—

HAM. “A little more than kin, and less than kind.”

Kin. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

HAM. Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the sun.

Que. Good *Hamlet*, cast thy nighted colour off,

And let thine eye look like a friend on *Denmark*.

Do not, for ever, with thy vailed lids

¹⁰ is the throne of *Denmarke* to

Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st, 'tis common; all, that live, must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

HAM. Ay, madam, it is common.

Que. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

HAM. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shapes of grief,
That can denote me truly: These, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within, which passes show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe. [*amlet,*

Kin. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, *H-*
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father, lost, lost his; and the survivor bound,
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: But to persevere
In obstinate condolment, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortify'd, or mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what, we know, must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,

A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 To reason most absurd; whose common theme
 Is death of fathers; and who still hath cry'd,
 From the first corse 'till he that dy'd to-day,
This must be so. We pray you, throw to earth
 This unprevailing woe; and think of us
 As of a father: for, let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our throne;
 And, with no less nobility of love
 Than that which dearest father bears his son,
 Do I impart toward you. For your intent
 In going back to school in *Wittenberg*,
 It is most retrograde to our desire:
 And, we beseech you, bend you to remain
 Here, in the chear and comfort of our eye,
 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Que. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, *Hamlet*;
 I pray thee, stay with us, go not to *Wittenberg*.

HAM. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

Kin. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;
 Be as ourself in *Denmark*.—Madam, come;
 This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
 Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
 No jocond health, that *Denmark* drinks to-day,
 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
 And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,
 Respeaking earthly thunder. Come, away.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, Lords, &c. POL. and LAE.*]

HAM. O, that this too-too-solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
 Or that the everlasting had not fix'd
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God, o God!

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world!
 Fie on't! ah, fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
 That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
 Possess it meerly. That it should come to this!
 But two months dead;—nay, not so much, not two:
 So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
 That he might not let e'en the winds of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
 Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
 As if encrease of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on: And yet, within a month,—
 Let me not think on't; Frailty, thy name is woman:—
 A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like *Niobe*, all tears; why she, even she,—
 O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourn'd longer,—marry'd with my uncle,
 My father's brother; but no more like my father,
 Than I to *Hercules*: Within a month;
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her gaule'd eyes,
 She marry'd:—O most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
 It is not, nor it cannot come to, good:
 But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.

HOR. Hail to your lordship.

HAM. I am glad to see you well:

Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

HOR. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

HAM. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with
And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio*?— [you.
Marcellus?

MAR. My good lord,—

HAM. I am very glad to see you; good even, sir.—
But what, in faith, make you from *Wittenberg*?

HOR. A truant disposition, good my lord.

HAM. I would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do my ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know, you are no truant.
But what is your affair in *Elfsinour*?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

HOR. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

HAM. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow student;
I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

HOR. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

HAM. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*; the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,
Or ever I had seen that day, *Horatio*!—
My father,—Methinks, I see my father.

HOR. Where, my lord?

HAM. In my mind's eye, *Horatio*.

HOR. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

HAM. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

HOR. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

HAM. Saw! who?

HOR. My lord, the king your father.

HAM. The king my father!

HOR. Season your admiration for a while

With an attent ear; 'till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

HAM. For God's love, let me hear.

HOR. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly, cap-a-pe,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress'd and fear-surprized eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them, the third night, kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father,
These hands are not more like.

HAM. But where was this?

MAR. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

HAM. Did you not speak to it?

HOR. My lord, I did;

But answer made it none: yet once, methought,
It lifted up it's head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;
And at the sound it thrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

HAM. 'Tis very strange.

HOR. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

HAM. Indeed, indeed, firs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

MAR. BER. We do, my lord.

HAM. Arm'd, say you?

MAR. BER. Arm'd, my lord.

HAM. From top to toe?

MAR. BER. My lord, from head to foot.

HAM. Then saw you not his face.

HOR. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

HAM. What, look'd he frowningly?

HOR. A countenance more

In sorrow than in anger.

HAM. Pale, or red?

HOR. Nay, very pale.

HAM. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

HOR. Most constantly.

HAM. I would, I had been there.

HOR. It would have much amaz'd you.

HAM. Very like,

Very like: Stay'd it long?

HOR. While one with moderate haste
Might tell a hundred.

MAR. BER. Longer, longer.

HOR. Not when I saw't.

HAM. His beard was grizl'd? no?

HOR. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

HAM. I will watch to-night;
Perchance, 'twill walk again.

HOR. I war'nt, it will.

HAM. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this fight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

HOR. MAR. BER. Our duty to your honour.

HAM. Your loves, as mine to you: Farewel.

[*Exeunt* HOR. MAR. and BER.]

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: 'would, the night were come;
'Till then sit still, my soul: Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [*Ex.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in Polonius' Apartment.*

Enter LAERTES, and OPHELIA.

LAE. My necessities are embark'd; farewell;
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

OPH. Do you doubt that?

LAE. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, but not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute,
No more.

OPH. No more but so?

LAE. Think it no more:

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
 In thews, and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
 The inward service of the mind and soul
 Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
 And now no foil, nor cautel, doth besmirch
 The virtue of his will: but, you must fear,
 His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own:
 For he himself is subject to his birth:
 He may not, as unvalu'd persons do,
 Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
 The sanity and health of the whole state;
 And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
 Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
 Whereof he is the head: Then if he says, he loves you,
 It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
 As he in his particular act and place
 May give his saying deed; which is no further,
 Than the main voice of *Denmark* goes withal.
 Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
 If with too credent ear you list his songs;
 Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
 To his unmaster'd importunity:
 Fear it, *Ophelia*, fear it, my dear sister;
 And keep you in the rear of your affection,
 Out of the shot and danger of desire.
 The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
 Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:
 The canker galls the infants of the spring,
 Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;

And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then: best safety lies in fear;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

OPH. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart: But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Shew me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puft and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.

LAE. O, fear me not.

I stay too long;— But here my father comes:—

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace; [*kneeling to* Polonius.
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

POL. Yet here, *Laertes!* aboard, aboard, for shame;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for: There, † my blessing with you;
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steal;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,

But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
 And they in *France*, of the best rank and station,
 Are most select and generous, chief in that.
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all,— To thine own self be true;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
 Farewel; my blessing season this in thee!

LAE. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

POL. The time invests you; go, your servants tend.

LAE. Farewel, *Ophelia*; and remember well
 What I have said to you.

OPH. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
 And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

LAE. Farewel.

[*Exit LAERTES.*]

POL. What is't, *Ophelia*, he hath said to you? [*let.*]

OPH. So please you, something touching the lord *Ham-*

POL. Marry, well bethought:

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
 Given private time to you; and you yourself
 Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:
 If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,
 And that in way of caution) I must tell you,
 You do not understand yourself so clearly,
 As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:
 What is between you? give me up the truth.

OPH. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
 Of his affection to me.

POL. Affection? puh! you speak like a green girl,

Unfitted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

OPH. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

POL. Marry, I will teach you: think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly,
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Wringing it thus) you'll tender me a fool.

OPH. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love
In honourable fashion.

POL. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to. [lord,

OPH. And hath given countenance to his speech, my
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

POL. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: These blazes, gentle daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making,—
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be something scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord *Hamlet*,
Believe so much in him, That he is young;
And with a larger tether may he walk,
Than may be given you: In few, *Ophelia*,
Do not believe his vows: for they are brokers;
Not of that die which their investments show,
But meer implorers of unholy suits;
Breathing like sanctify'd and pious bawds,
The better to beguile. This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,

As to give words or talk with the lord *Hamlet*.
Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.

OPH. I shall
Obey, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. The same. The Platform.

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

HAM. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

HOR. It is a nipping and an eager air.

HAM. What hour now?

HOR. I think, it lacks of twelve.

MAR. No, it is strook.

[*Season,*

HOR. Indeed? I heard it not: it then draws near the
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*Flourish of Trumpets, &c. and Ordinance going off, heard within.*]

What does this mean, my lord?

[*'rouse,*

HAM. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his
Keeps wassel, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of *Rhenish* down,
The kettle-drum, and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

HOR. Is it a custom?

HAM. Ay, marry, is't:

But, to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us, drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,

The pith and marrow of our attribute.
 So oft it chanceth in particular men;
 That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,—
 As in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
 Since nature cannot choose his origin)
 By the o'er-growth of some complexion,
 Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
 Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
 The form of plausible manners;—that these men,—
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;
 Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
 Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
 As infinite as man may undergo)
 Shall in the general censure take corruption
 From that particular fault: The dram of base
 Doth all the noble substance of worth out,
 To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

HOR. Look, my lord, it comes!

HAM. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
 Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
 Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
 That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee, *Hamlet*,
 King, father, royal *Dane*: O, answer me!
 Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
 Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
 Have burst their cearments; why the sepulcher,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd,
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
 To cast thee up again: What may this mean,—

⁶ their ore- ¹² Hisver- ¹⁵ of ease ¹⁶ of a doubt

That thou, dead corse, again, in compleat steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

HOR. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

MAR. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

HOR. No, by no means.

HAM. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

HOR. Do not, my lord.

HAM. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee:
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again; I'll follow it.

HOR. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord;
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

HAM. It waves me still:—
Go on, I'll follow thee,

MAR. You shall not go, my lord.

HAM. Hold off your hands.

HOR. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

HAM. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
Hardy as the *Nemean* lion's nerve. —
Still am I call'd? — unhand me, gentlemen;
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me:
I say, away: — Go on, I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt* Ghost, and HAMLET.

HOR. He waxes desperate with imagination.

MAR. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

HOR. Have after: To what issue will this come?

MAR. Something is rotten in the state of *Denmark*.

HOR. Heaven will direct it.

MAR. Nay, let's follow him.

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE V. *The same. Another Part of the same.*

Enter Ghost, and HAMLET. [rather.

HAM. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.

Gho. Mark me.

HAM. I will.

Gho. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulph'rous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

HAM. Alas, poor ghost!

Gho. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

HAM. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Gho. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

HAM. What?

Gho. I am thy father's spirit;

* As hardy as

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
'Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood: List, list, o list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

HAM. O heaven!

Gho. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

HAM. Murder?

Gho. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

HAM. Haste me to know't; that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Gho. I find thee apt;
And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on *Lethe* wharf,
Would'st thou not stir in this. Now, *Hamlet*, hear:
'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of *Denmark*
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent, that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

HAM. O my prophetick soul! my uncle?

Gho. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
 With witchcraft of his wit, with traiterous gifts,
 (O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
 So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
 The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
 O, *Hamlet*, what a falling-off was there!
 From me, whose love was of that dignity,
 That it went hand in hand even with the vow
 I made to her in marriage; and to decline
 Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
 To those of mine!
 But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
 Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
 So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
 Will fate itself in a celestial bed,
 And prey on garbage.
 But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air;
 Brief let me be: Sleeping within my orchard,
 My custom always of the afternoon,
 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
 With juice of curd hebenon in a viol,
 And in the porches of mine ears did pour
 The leperous distilment; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
 That, swift as quick-silver, it courses through
 The natural gates and allies of the body;
 And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
 And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
 Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust

All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, unanointed, unanneal'd;
No reck'ning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O horrible! o horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of *Denmark* be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother ought; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once;
The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu; remember me. [Exit Ghost.

HAM. O all you host of heaven! o earth! What else?
And shall I couple hell?—Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copy'd there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven.

O most pernicious woman!
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
 My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
 At least, I'm sure, it may be so in *Denmark*:
 So, uncle, there † you are: Now to my word;
 It is,

Adieu, adieu; remember me. I have sworn't.

HOR. [*within.*] My lord, my lord,—

MAR. [*within.*] Lord Hamlet,—

HOR. [*within.*] Heaven secure him!

HAM. So be it!

MAR. [*within.*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

HAM. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

MAR. How is't, my noble lord?

HOR. What news, my lord?

HAM. O, wonderful!

HOR. Good my lord, tell it.

HAM. No; you will reveal it.

HOR. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

MAR. Nor I, my lord.

[*ink it?*—

HAM. How say you then; would heart of man once th—
 But you'll be secret,—

HOR. MAR. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

HAM. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all *Denmark*,
 But he's an arrant knave.

[*grave,*

HOR. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the
 To tell us this.

HAM. Why, right; you are i' the right:
 And so, without more circumstance at all,
 I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part:

You, as your business, and desire, shall point you;—
 For every man hath business, and desire,
 Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part,
 Look you, I will go pray.

HOR. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

HAM. I'm sorry, they offend you, heartily;
 'Faith, heartily.

HOR. There's no offence, my lord.

HAM. Yes, by saint *Patrick*, but there is, *Horatio*,
 And much offence too. Touching this vision here,—
 It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
 For your desire to know what is between us,
 O'er-master't as you may. And now, good friends,
 As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
 Give me one poor request.

HOR. What is't, my lord? we will. [ght.

HAM. Never make known what you have seen to-ni-

HOR. MAR. My lord, we will not.

HAM. Nay, but swear't.

HOR. In faith,

My lord, not I.

MAR. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

HAM. Upon my † sword.

MAR. We have sworn, my lord, already.

HAM. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Gho. [*beneath.*] Swear. [penny?—

HAM. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true—
 Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellaridge,—
 Consent to swear.

HOR. Propose the oath, my lord.

HAM. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
 Swear by my sword.

Gho. [*beneath.*] Swear.

HAM. *Hic et ubique?* then we'll shift our ground:—
Come hither, gentlemen, and lay your hands
Again upon my sword; Swear by my sword,
Never to speak of this that you have heard.

Gho. [*beneath.*] Swear by his sword. [fast?

HAM. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so
A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.

HOR. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

HAM. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, *Horatio*,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come;

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,—
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antick disposition on,—

That you, at such time seeing me, never shall
(With arms encumber'd † thus; or this † head-shake;
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, *Well, well, we know*;—or, *We could, an if*
we would;—or, *If we list to speak*;—or, *There*
be, an if they might;—

Or such ambiguous giving-out) denote
That you know ought of me: This do you swear,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you!

Gho. [*beneath.*] Swear.

HAM. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit.—So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as *Hamlet* is
May do, to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
 The time is out of joint;—O cursed spight!
 That ever I was born to set it right!—
 Nay, come, let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in Polonius' House.*

Enter POLONIUS, and REYNALDO.

POL. Give him this \mp money, and these \mp notes, *Reynaldo*.

REY. I will, my lord.

POL. You shall do marvelous wisely, good *Reynaldo*,
 Before you visit him; to make inquiry
 Of his behaviour.

REY. My lord, I did intend it.

POL. Marry, well said; very well said. Look you, sir,
 Inquire me first what *Dantz'ckers* are in *Paris*;
 And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
 What company, at what expence; and finding,
 By this encompassment and drift of question,
 That they do know my son, come you more nearer
 Than your particular demands will touch it:
 Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him,
 As thus, *I know his father, and his friends*,
And, in part, him,—Do you mark this, *Reynaldo*?

REY. Ay, very well, my lord.

POL. *And, in part, him; but, you may say, not well:*
But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so;—and there put on him
 What forgeries you please: marry, none so rank

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, fir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

REX. As gaming, my lord.

POL. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
Drabbing; you may go so far.

REX. My lord, that would dishonour him.

POL. 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning: but breath his faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty;
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind;
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

REX. But, my good lord,—

POL. Wherefore should you do this?

REX. Ay, my good lord,
I would know that.

POL. Marry, fir, here's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you, Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen, in the prenominate crimes,
The youth, you breath of, guilty, be assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence;
Good fir, or so; or, Friend, or, Gentleman,—
According to the phrase, or the addition,
Of man, and country.

REX. Very good, my lord.

POL. And then, fir, does he this,—He does—What was I

About to say? I was about to say
Something: Where did I leave?

REY. At, closes in the consequence.

POL. At, closes in the consequence,—*Ay, marry;*
He closes with you thus: *I know the gentleman;*
I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such: and, as you say,
There was he gaming; there o'er-took in his' rouse;
There falling out at tennis: or, perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
(Videlicet, a brothel) or so forth.

See you now;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,

With windlasses, and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out;

So, by my former lecture and advice,

Shall you my son: You have me, have you not?

REY. My lord, I have.

POL. God be wi' you; fare you well.

REY. Good my lord,—

POL. Observe his inclination in yourself.

REY. I shall, my lord.

POL. And let him ply his musick.

REY. Well, my lord. [Exit REYNALDO.]

Enter OPHELIA, hastily.

POL. Farewel.—How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?

OPH. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

POL. With what, i' the name of heaven?

OPH. My lord, as I was sowing in my closet,
 Lord *Hamlet*,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
 No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
 Ungarter'd, and down-gyred to his ancle;
 Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
 And with a look so piteous in purport,
 As if he had been loosed out of hell,
 To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

POL. Mad for thy love?

OPH. My lord, I do not know;
 But, truly, I do fear it.

POL. What said he?

OPH. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
 Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
 And, with his other hand thus † o'er his brow,
 He falls to such perusal of my face,
 As he would draw it. Long time stay'd he so:
 At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
 And thrice his head thus † waving up and down,—
 He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
 As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
 And end his being: That done, he lets me go:
 And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
 He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
 For out o' doors he went without their helps,
 And, to the last, bended their light on me.

POL. Come, go with me; I will go seek the king.
 This is the very extasy of love;
 Whose violent property foredoes itself,
 And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
 As oft as any passion under heaven,
 That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—

What have you given him any hard words of late ?

OPH. No, my good lord ; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and deny'd
His access to me.

POL. That hath made him mad.

I am sorry, that with better heed, and judgment,
I had not quoted him: I fear'd, he did but trifle,
And meant to wrack thee; but, beshrow my jealousy!
By heaven, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king: [ve
This must be known; which, being kept close, might mo-
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.
Come. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter King, Queen, and Attendants;

ROSINCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

Kin. Welcome, dear Rosincrantz, and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need, we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Sith nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was: What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That,—being of so young days brought up with him;
And, since, so neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,—
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court

Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether ought, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Que. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you,
To shew us so much gentry, and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Gul. But we both obey;
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

Kin. Thanks, *Rosincrantz*, and gentle *Guildenstern*.

Que. Thanks, *Guildenstern*, and gentle *Rosincrantz*:
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too-much-changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Gul. Heavens make our presence, and our practices,
Pleasant, and helpful, to him!

Que. Ay, amen!

[*Exeunt Ros. and Gul. Attendants with them.*

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The embassadors from *Norway*, my good lord,

Are joyfully return'd.

Kin. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

POL. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious king:
And I do think, (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do) that I have found
The very cause of *Hamlet's* lunacy.

Kin. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

POL. Give first admittance to the embassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

Kin. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.

[*Exit POLONIUS.*]

He tells me, my dear *Gertrude*, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Que. I doubt, it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'er-hasty marriage.

*Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND,
and Cornelius.*

Kin. Well, we shall fift him.—Welcome, my good
friends!

Say, *Voltimand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

VOL. Most fair return of greetings, and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the *Polack*;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: Whereat griev'd,—
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely born in hand,—sends out arrests
On *Fortinbras*; which he, in brief, obeys;

Receives rebuke from *Norway*; and, in fine,
 Makes vow before his uncle, never more
 To give the assay of arms against your majesty,
 Whereon old *Norway*, overcome with joy,
 Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;
 And his commission, to employ those foldiers,
 So levy'd as before, against the *Polack*:
 With an entreaty, herein \dagger further shown,
 That it might please you to give quiet pass
 Through your dominions for this enterprize;
 On such regards of safety, and allowance,
 As therein are set down.

Kin. It likes us well;
 And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
 Answer, and think upon this business.
 Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour:
 Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
 Most welcome home! [*Exeunt VOL. and Cor.*]

POL. This business is well ended.
 My liege, and madam, to expostulate
 What majesty should be, what duty is,
 Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
 Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
 Therefore,—since brevity is the soul of wit,
 And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,—
 I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:
 Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
 What is't, but to be nothing else but mad:
 But let that go.

Que. More matter, with less art.

POL. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all,
 That he is mad, is true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;

3^d mad 'tis true,

And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish figure;
 But farewell it, for I will use no art.
 Mad let us grant him then: and now remains,
 That we find out the cause of this effect;
 Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
 For this effect, defective, comes by cause:
 Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
 Perpend.

I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;
 Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
 Hath given me † this: Now gather, and surmise.

To the celestial, and, my soul's fair idol,

The most beatify'd Ophelia,—

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; that *beatify'd*
 Is a vile phrase: But you shall hear; —

These in her excellent white bosom, these.

Que. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay a while; I will be faithful.—

Doubt thou, the stars are fire;

Doubt, that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt, I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art
 to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, o most best,
 believe it. Adieu.

*Thine evermore, most dear lady,
 whilst this machine is to him*

Hamlet.

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me:
 And, more above, hath his solicitings,
 As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
 All given to mine ear.

Kin. But how hath she

Receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

Kin. As of a man faithful and honourable. [*ink,*

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me) what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk, or table-book;
Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight,
What might you think? no, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak;
*Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere;
This must not be:* and then I prescripts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice:
And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make)
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watching; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for.

Kin. Do you think, 'tis this?

Que. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know
that)

That I have positively said, 'Tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise?

Kin. Not that I know.

Pol. Take † this from † this, if this be otherwise:

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the center.

Kin. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks for hours together

Here in the lobby.

Que. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters.

Kin. We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, with a Book in his Hand.

Que. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away;
I'll board him presently:—O, give me leave.—

[Exeunt King, Queen, and Train.]

How does my good lord Hamlet?

HAM. Well, god-'a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

HAM. Excellent well;

You are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

HAM. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

HAM. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to
be one man pick'd out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

5 walkes foure hou:es

HAM. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a God kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?

POL. I have, my lord.

HAM. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive: friend, look to't.

POL. “How say you by that? still harping on my”
 “daughter: Yet he knew me not at first; he said, I”
 “was a fishmonger: He is far gone, far gone: and,”
 “truly, in my youth I suffer'd much extremity for”
 “love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.”—What do you read, my lord?

HAM. Words, words, words.

POL. What is the matter, my lord?

HAM. Between who?

POL. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

HAM. Slanders, sir: for the satyirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkl'd; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: All which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall grow old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

POL. “Though this be madness, yet there is me—”
 “thod in't.”—Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

HAM. Into my grave?

POL. Indeed, that is out of the air.—“How preg-”
 “nant, sometimes, his replies are! a happiness that of-”
 “ten madness hits on, which reason and sanity could”
 “not so prosperously be deliver'd of. I will leave him.”

and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between”
 “him and my daughter.”—My lord, I will take my
 leave of you.

HAM. You cannot, fir, take from me any thing that I
 will more willingly part withal; except my life, except
 my life, except my life.

POL. Fare you well, my lord.

HAM. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSINCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

POL. You go to seek the lord *Hamlet*; there he is.

ROS. God save you, fir! [Exit *POLONIUS*.]

GUI. My honour'd lord,—

ROS. My most dear lord,—

HAM. My excellent good friends! How dost thou,
Guildenstern? Ah, *Rosincrantz*! Good lads, how do you
 both?

ROS. As the indifferent children of the earth.

GUI. Happy, in that we are not over-happy;
 On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

HAM. Nor the soles of her shoe?

ROS. Neither, my lord.

HAM. Then you live about her waste, or in the mid-
 dle of her favours?

GUI. 'Faith, her privates we.

HAM. In the secret parts of fortune? o, most true; she
 is a strumpet. What news?

ROS. None, my lord; but that the world's grown
 honest.

HAM. Then is dooms-day near: But your news is not
 true. Let me question more in particular: What have
 you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune,
 that she sends you to prison hither?

GUI. Prison, my lord!

HAM. *Denmark's* a prison.

ROS. Then is the world one.

HAM. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; *Denmark* being one of the worst.

ROS. We think not so, my lord.

HAM. Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

ROS. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

HAM. O God, I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

GUI. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition: for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

HAM. A dream itself is but a shadow.

ROS. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

HAM. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs, and out-stretch'd heroes, the beggars' shadows: Shall we to the court? for, by my fey, I cannot reason.

ROS. GUI. We'll wait upon you.

HAM. No such matter: I will not fort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elfinour*?

ROS. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

HAM. Beggar that I am; I am even poor in thanks: but I thank you: and, sure, dear friends, my thanks are

too dear at a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

GUI. What should we say, my lord?

HAM. Any thing; but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

ROS. To what end, my lord?

HAM. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

ROS. What say you?

[to *Gui.*

HAM. Nay, then I have an eye of you;—if you love me, hold not off.

GUI. My lord, we were sent for.

HAM. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late, (but, wherefore, I know not) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestic roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like

an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

HAM. Why did you laugh then, when I said, *Man delights not me?*

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we 'costed them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

HAM. He, that plays the king, shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the advent'rous knight shall use his foyle, and target: the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickl'd o' the fere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't. What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

HAM. How chances it, they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

HAM. Do they hold the same estimation, they did when I was in the city? Are they so follow'd?

Ros. No, indeed, are they not.

HAM. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, fir, an aieri of children, little eyases, that

cry out on the top of the question, and are most tyrannically clap'd for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

HAM. What, are they children? Who maintains them? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is like, most, if their means are not better) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

ROS. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them to controversy: There was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

HAM. Is't possible?

GUI. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

HAM. Do the boys carry it away?

ROS. Ay, that they do, my lord; *Hercules*, and his load too.

HAM. It is not very strange: for my uncle is king of *Denmark*; and those, that would make mouths at him while my father liv'd, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. [*Flourish of Trumpets within.*]

GUI. There are the players.

HAM. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elfsinour*. Your hands, come: The appurtenance of welcome is fashion

and ceremony: let me comply with you in the garb; left my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must shew fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceiv'd.

GUI. In what, my dear lord?

HAM. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a heronshaw.

Enter POLONIUS.

POL. Well be with you, gentlemen!

HAM. Hark you, *Guildestern*;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: That great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling clouts.

ROS. Hapily, he is the second time come to them: for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

HAM. I will prophesy: he comes to tell me of the players; mark it:—You say right, sir: o' monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

POL. My lord, I have news to tell you.

HAM. My lord, I have news to tell you. When *Roscius* was an actor in *Rome*,—

POL. The actors are come hither, my lord.

HAM. Buz, buz!

POL. Upon my honour.

HAM. *Then came each actor on his ass,—*

POL. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, scene undividable, or poem unlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light: For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

HAM. O *Jephtha*, judge of Israel,—what a treasure hadst thou!

POL. What a treasure had he, my lord?

HAM. Why,—*One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.*

POL. “Still on my daughter.”

HAM. Am I not i' the right, old *Jephtha*?

POL. If you call me *Jephtha*, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

HAM. Nay, that follows not.

POL. What follows then, my lord?

HAM. Why, as *By lot, God wot*,—and then, you know,
It came to pass, As most like it was,—The first row of the
pent-chansons will show you more; for, look, where my
abridgement comes.—

Enter certain Players, usher'd.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all:—I am glad
to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, old friend!
Why, thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last; Com'st
thou to beard me in *Denmark*?—What, my young lady
and mistress! By-'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven,
than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine.
Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent
gold, be not crack'd within the ring.—Masters, you are
all welcome. We'll e'en to't like *French* falconers, fly at
any thing we see: We'll have a speech straight: come,
give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

I. P. What speech, my good lord?

HAM. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it
was never acted; or, if it was, not above once: for the
play, I remember, pleas'd not the million; 'twas caviare
to the general: but it was (as I receiv'd it, and others,
whose judgments, in such matters, cried in the top of
mine) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set

down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no salts in the lines, to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the author of affection: but call'd it, an honest method; as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly lov'd: 'twas *Aeneas*' talk to *Dido*; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priam*'s slaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line; Let me see, let me see;

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,—
'tis not so; it begins with *Pyrrhus*:

*The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,—
Hath now this dread and black complexion stain'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lords' murther: Roasted in wrath, and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grand-fire Priam seeks:—So, proceed you.*

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion.

1. *P.* Anon he finds him,
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword

Hamlet.

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*The unnerv'd father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo, his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.*

*But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death: anon, the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' pause,
A roused vengeance sets him new a' work:
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—*

*Out, out, thou strumpet, fortune!—All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!*

POL. This is too long.

HAM. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—Pr'y-
thee, say on;—He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he
sleeps:—say on; come to Hecuba.

I. P. But who, a woe! had seen the ennobl'd queen,

HAM. The ennobl'd queen!

POL. That's good; ennobl'd queen is good.

I. P. Run barefoot up and down, threa'ning the flames

*With biffon rheum; a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not at all)
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passioned the gods.*

POL. Look, whe'r he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes. — Pr'ythee, no more.

HAM. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon. — Good my lord, will you see the players well bestow'd? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles, of the time: After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

POL. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

HAM. God's-bodikin, man, much better: Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

POL. Come, firs.

HAM. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow. — Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the murther of Gonzago?

1. P. Ay, my lord.

HAM. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen lines, or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? could you not?

1. P. Ay, my lord.

HAM. Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not.— [*Exeunt* POLONIUS, and Players.] My good friends, I'll leave you 'till night: you are welcome to *Elfsnour*.

Ros. Good, my lord. [*Exeunt* Ros. and GUI.

HAM. Ay, so, God be wi' you:—Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wan'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For *Hecuba*!

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettl'd rascal, peak,
Like *John-a-dreams*, unpregnant of my cause,

And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
 Upon whose property, and most dear life,
 A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
 Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
 Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
 Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
 As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
 Ha! Why, I should take it: for it cannot be,
 But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
 To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
 I should have fatted all the region kites
 With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!
 Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
 Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave;
 That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
 Prompted to my revenge by heaven, and hell,
 Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
 And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
 A scullion!
 Fie upon't! foh! About, my brains. Hum! I have heard,
 That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
 Have by the very cunning of the scene
 Been strook so to the soul, that presently
 They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
 For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
 With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
 Play something like the murder of my father,
 Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
 I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,
 I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
 May be a devil: and the devil hath power
 To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,

Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits)
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this; The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. Another Room in the same.*

*Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA;
ROSINCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*

Kin. And can you by no drift of conference
Get from him, why he puts on this confusion;
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess, he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Gul. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Que. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Gul. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.

Que. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy

To hear of it: They are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

POL. 'Tis most true:

And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,
To hear and see the matter.

Kin. With all my heart;

And it doth much content me, to hear him so inclin'd.—
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord. [*Exeunt Ros. and Gui.*]

Kin. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:

For we have closely sent for *Hamlet* hither;
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront *Ophelia*: Her father, and myself,
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If't be the affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Que. I shall obey you:—

And, for my part, *Ophelia*, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlet's* wildness; so shall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

OPH. Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit Queen.*]

POL. *Ophelia*, walk you here:—Gracious, so please
you,

We will bestow ourselves:—read on this † book;
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—

'Tis too much prov'd,—that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

Kin. "O, 'tis too true! how smart"
"A lash that speech doth give my conscience!"
"The harlot's cheek, beauty'd with platt'ring art,"
"Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,"
"Than is my deed to my most painted word:"
"O heavy burthen!"

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.

[*Exeunt King, and POLONIUS.*

Enter HAMLET.

HAM. To be, or, not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them. To die; to sleep;
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation,
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die; to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance, to dream; Ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffl'd off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his *quietus* make

With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life;
 But that the dread of something after death—
 The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns—puzzles the will;
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all:
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sickly'd o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn away,
 And lose the name of action. Soft you now;
 The fair *Ophelia*:—Nymph, in thy orisons
 Be all my sins remember'd.

OPH. Good my lord,

How does your honour for this many a day?

HAM. I humbly thank you; well.

OPH. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
 That I have longed long to redeliver;
 I pray you now, receive † them.

HAM. No, not I;

I never gave you ought.

OPH. My honour'd lord, you know right well, you
 did;

And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
 As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
 Take these again; for to the noble mind
 Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
 There, † my lord.

HAM. Ha, ha! are you honest?

OPH. My lord?

HAM. Are you fair?

OPH. What means your lordship?

HAM. That, if you be honest, and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

OPH. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

HAM. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into its likeness: this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

OPH. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

HAM. You should not have believ'd me: for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I lov'd you not.

OPH. I was the more deceived.

HAM. Get thee to a nunnery; Why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better, my mother had not born me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in: What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us: Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

OPH. At home, my lord.

HAM. Let the doors be shut upon him; that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewel.

OPH. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

HAM. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry; Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,

thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery: farewel. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too: Farewel.

OPH. Heavenly powers, restore him!

HAM. I have heard of your paintings too well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance: Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are marry'd already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit HAMLET.*]

OPH. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mold of form,
The observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his musick vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangl'd, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with extasy: O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King, and POLONIUS.

Kin. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,

Will be some danger: Which for to prevent,
 I have, in quick determination,
 Thus set it down; He shall with speed to *England*,
 For the demand of our neglected tribute:
 Haply, the seas, and countries different,
 With variable objects, shall expel
 This something settl'd matter in his heart;
 Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
 From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well: But yet do I believe,
 The origin and commencement of his grief
 Sprung from neglected love. — How now, *Ophelia*?
 You need not tell us, what lord *Hamlet* said;
 We heard it all. — My lord, do as you please;
 But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
 Let his queen mother all alone intreat him
 To show his grief; let her be round with him;
 And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
 Of all their conference: If she find him not,
 To *England* send him; or confine him, where
 Your wisdom best shall think.

Kin. It shall be so:
 Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*]

*SCENE II. The same. A Hall in the same,
 fitted as for a Play. Enter HAMLET, and some of the
 Players.*

HAM. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd
 it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth
 it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-
 crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much
 with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very

torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whip'd for o'er-doing *Termagant*; it out-herods *Herod*: Pray you, avoid it.

1. P. I warrant your honour.

HAM. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: sute the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature: For any thing so o'er-done is from the purpose of playing, Whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirrour up to nature; to shew virtue her feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure: Now this, over-done, or come tardy off, though it makes the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it prophanely, that, neither having the accent of christians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellow'd, that I have thought, some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1. P. I hope, we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

HAM. O, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: For there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be consider'd: that's villanous; and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go make you ready. — [*Exeunt Players.*]

Enter POLONIUS, ROSINCRANTZ, and Guildenstern.

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

POL. And the queen too, and that presently.

HAM. Bid the players make haste. — [*Exit POL.*]
Will you two help to hasten them?

ROS. Ay, my lord. [*Exeunt ROS. and GUI.*]

HAM. What, ho; *Horatio!*

Enter HORATIO.

HOR. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

HAM. *Horatio*, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

HOR. O, my dear lord, —

HAM. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee;
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits, [*ter'd?*]
To feed, and cloath thee? Why should the poor be flat-
No, let the candy'd tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been

As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
 A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
 Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those,
 Whose blood and judgment are so well comingl'd,
 That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
 To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
 As I do thee. Something too much of this.
 There is a play to-night before the king;
 One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
 Which I have told thee, of my father's death.
 I pr'ythee, when thou see'st that act a-foot,
 Even with the very comment of thy soul
 Observe my uncle: if his occult guilt
 Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
 It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
 And my imaginations are as foul
 As *Vulcan's* stithy: Give him heedful note:
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
 And, after, we will both our judgments join,
 In censure of his seeming.

HOR. Well, my lord:

If he steal ought, the whilst this play is playing,
 And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

HAM. They are coming to the play; I must be idle:
 Get you a place.

Danish March. A Flourish.

*Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA;
 ROSINCRANTZ, Guildenstern, and Others, attendant;
 Guard, carrying Torches, preceding.*

Kin. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

is occulted guilt

HAM. Excellent, i' faith; of the camelion's dish: I eat the air, promise-cram'd: You cannot feed capons so.

KIN. I have nothing with this answer, *Hamlet*; these words are not mine. *[pass to their Seats.]*

HAM. No, nor mine now, my lord.—You play'd once i' the university, you say?

POL. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

HAM. And what did you enact?

POL. I did enact *Julius Cæsar*: I was kill'd i' the capitol; *Brutus* kill'd me.

HAM. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

ROS. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

QUE. Come hither, my dear *Hamlet*, sit by me.

HAM. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

[seating himself at Ophelia's Feet.]

POL. "O ho! do you mark that?" *[to the King.]*

HAM. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

OPH. No, my lord.

HAM. I mean, my head in your lap?

OPH. Ay, my lord.

HAM. Do you think, I meant country matters?

OPH. I think nothing, my lord.

HAM. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

OPH. What is, my lord?

HAM. Nothing.

OPH. You are merry, my lord.

HAM. Who, I?

OPH. Ay, my lord.

HAM. O God, your only jig-maker. What should a

man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father dy'd within 's two hours.

OPH. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

HAM. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a sute of fables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great man's memory may out-live his life half a year: But, by-r-lady, he must build churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, *For, o, for, o, the hobby-horse is forgot.*

Musick. Dumb Show.

Enter a King, and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her: she kneels, and makes shew of protestation unto him; he takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon, comes in another man; takes off his crown, kisses it, pours poison in the sleeper's ears, and leaves him. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some three or four mutes, comes in again; seems to condole with her; the dead body is carry'd away. The poisoner woos the Queen with gifts; she seems harsh a while, but, in the end, accepts love. [Exeunt.

OPH. What means this, my lord?

HAM. Marry, this is munching *Malicho*; it means mischief.

OPH. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

HAM. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

OPH. Will he tell us what this show meant?

HAM. Ay, or any show that you'll show him: Be not you asham'd to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

OPH. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play.

* Pro. *For us, and for our tragedy,*
 * *Here stooping to your clemency,*
 * *We beg your bearing patiently.*

HAM. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

OPH. 'Tis brief, my lord.

HAM. As woman's love.

Enter a Duke, and a Dutcheffs.

* Duk. Full thirty times hath *Phæbus*' cart gone round

* *Neptune's* salt wash, and *Tellus*' orb'd ground;

* And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen,

* About the world have times twelve thirties been;

* Since love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands,

* Unite co-mutual in most sacred bands.

* Dut. So many journies may the sun and moon

* Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!

* But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,

* So far from cheer, and from your former state,

* That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,

* Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:

* For women's fear and love hold quantity;

* In neither ought, or in extremity:

* Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;

* And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.

* Where love is great, the littl'st doubts are fear;

* Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

* Duk. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;

* My operant powers their functions leave to do;
 * And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
 * Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind
 * For husband shalt thou—

* *Dut.* O, confound the rest!
 * Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
 * In second husband let me be accurst!
 * None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

HAM. "That's wormwood."

* *Dut.* The instances, that second marriage move,
 * Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:
 * A second time I kill my husband dead,
 * When second husband kisses me in bed.

* *Duk.* I do believe, you think what now you speak:
 * But, what we do determine, oft we break.

* Purpose is but the slave to memory;
 * Of violent birth, but poor validity:
 * Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;
 * But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.

* Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
 * To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:

* What to ourselves in passion we propose,
 * The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.

* The violence of either grief or joy
 * Their own enactures with themselves destroy:

* Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
 * Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.

* This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange,
 * That even our loves should with our fortunes change;

* For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
 * Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.

* The great man down, you mark, his favourite flies;

- * The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
- * And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
- * For who not needs, shall never lack a friend;
- * And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
- * Directly seasons him his enemy.
- * But, orderly to end where I begun,—
- * Our wills, and fates, do so contrary run,
- * That our devices still are overthrown;
- * Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
- * So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
- * But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.
- * *Dut.* Nor, earth, o, give me food; nor, heaven, light!
- * Sport, and repose, lock from me, day, and night!
- * To desperation turn my trust and hope!
- * An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!
- * Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
- * Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
- * Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
- * If, once a widow, ever I be wife!
- HAM. If she should break it now,— [to Oph.
- * *Duk.* 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while;
- * My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
- * The tedious day with sleep. [lays him down.
- * *Dut.* Sleep rock thy brain;
- * And never come mischance betwixt us twain!
- [Exit Dutcheffs. Duke sleeps.
- HAM. Madam, how like you this play?
- Que.* The lady protests too much, methinks.
- HAM. O, but she'll keep her word.
- Kin.* Have you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

12 Earth to give 15 And Anchors

HAM. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

Kin. What do you call the play?

HAM. The mouse-trap: Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murther done in *Vienna*: *Gonzago* is the duke's name; his wife, *Baptista*: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: But what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: Let the gall'd jade winch, our withers are unwrung.—

*

Enter Nephew, with a Vial.

This is one *Lucianus*, nephew to the duke.

OPH. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

HAM. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

OPH. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

HAM. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

OPH. Still better, and worse.

HAM. So you mis-take husbands.—Begin, murtherer; leave thy damnable faces, and begin: Come, The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

* *Nep.* Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

* Confederate season, else no creature seeing;

* Thou mixture †rank, of midnight weeds collected,

* With *Hecat's* ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,

* Thy natural magick, and dire property,

* On wholesome life usurps immediately.

[pouring it in the Sleeper's Ear.]

HAM. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate; his name's *Gonzago*: the story is extant, and written in very

choice *Italian*: You shall see anon, how the murtherer gets the love of *Gonzago's* wife.

OPH. The king rises.

HAM. What, frighted with false fire!

Que. How fares my lord?

POL. Give o'er the play.

Kin. Give me some light: away.

POL. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt All but Hamlet, and Horatio.*]

HAM. Why, let the strooken deer go weep,

The heart ungalled play:

For some must watch, while some must sleep;

So runs the world away.—

Would not this, fir, and a forest of feathers, (if the rest of my fortunes turn *Turk* with me) with two *Provencial* roses on my ray'd shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, fir?

HOR. Half a share.

HAM. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, o *Damon* dear,

This realm dismantl'd was

Of *Jove* himself; and now reigns here

A very, very—peacock.

HOR. You might have rhim'd.

HAM. O good *Horatio*, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

HOR. Very well, my lord.

HAM. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

HOR. I did very well note him.

Enter ROSINCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

HAM. Ha, ha!—Come, some musick; come, the recorders.—

For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.—

Come, some musick.

GUI. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

HAM. Sir, a whole history.

GUI. The king, fir,—

HAM. Ay, fir, what of him?

GUI. Is, in his retirement, marvelous distemper'd.

HAM. With drink, fir?

GUI. No, my lord, with choler.

HAM. Your wisdom should shew itself more richer, to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

GUI. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

HAM. I am tame, fir; pronounce.

GUI. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you:

HAM. You are welcome. [*with great Ceremony.*]

GUI. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of business.

HAM. Sir, I cannot.

ROS. What, my lord?

HAM. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseas'd: But, fir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter; My mother, you say,—

ROS. Then thus she says; Your behaviour hath strook

her into amazement and admiration.

HAM. O wonderful son, that can so 'stonish a mother!—
But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

ROS. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

HAM. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.
Have you any further trade with us?

ROS. My lord, you once did love me.

HAM. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

ROS. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

HAM. Sir, I lack advancement.

ROS. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in *Denmark*?

Enter the Players, with Recorders.

HAM. Ay, sir; but, *While the grass grows*,—the proverb is something musty.—O, the recorders:—let me see †one.—“To withdraw with you:”—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

GUI. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

HAM. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this † pipe?

GUI. My lord, I cannot.

HAM. I pray you.

GUI. Believe me, I cannot.

HAM. I beseech you.

GUI. I know no touch of it, my lord.

HAM. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages

with your fingers and the umber, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent musick: Look you, these are the stops.

GUI. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

HAM. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me? You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me, from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much musick, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'S blood, do you think, I am easier to be play'd on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon

Enter POLONIUS.

me.—God bless you, sir!

POL. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

HAM. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a weazel?

POL. By the mass, and 'tis like a weazel, indeed.

HAM. Methinks, it is like a camel.

POL. It is back'd like a camel.

HAM. Or like a whale.

POL. Very like a whale.

HAM. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me [*to Hor.*] to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

POL. I will say so.

[*Exit POLONIUS.*]

HAM. By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt Ros. and GUI. Horatio, and the Players, withdraw.*]

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
 When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breaths out
 Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot blood;
 And do such bitter business, as the day
 Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mother.
 O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
 The soul of *Nero* enter this firm bosom:
 Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
 I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
 My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:
 How in my words soever she be shent,
 To give them seals never, my soul, consent. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. The same. A Room in the same.

Enter King, ROSINCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

Kin. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,
 To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you;
 I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
 And he to *England* shall along with you:
 The terms of our estate may not endure
 Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
 Out of his lunes.

Gul. We will ourselves provide:
 Most holy and religious fear it is,
 To keep those many many bodies safe,
 That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
 With all the strength and armour of the mind,
 To keep itself from 'noyance: but much more
 That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest
 The lives of many. The cease of majesty
 Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw

What's near it, with it: It is a massy wheel,
 Fixt on the summit of the highest mount,
 To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
 Are mortif'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
 Each small annexment, petty consequence,
 Attends the boistrous ruin. Never alone
 Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

Kin. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
 For we will fetters put upon this fear,
 Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. We will haste us. [*Exeunt Ros. and Gui.*

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet;
 Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
 To hear the process; I'll warrant, she'll tax him home:
 And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
 'Tis meet, that some more audience than a mother,
 Since nature makes them partial, should o'er-hear
 The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:
 I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
 And tell you what I know.

Kin. Thanks, dear my lord. [*Exit POLONIUS.*
 O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
 It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
 A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
 Though inclination be as sharp as will;
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
 And, like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What if this curst hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,

To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
 But to confront the visage of offence?
 And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
 To be fore-stalled, ere we come to fall;
 Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;
 My fault is past. But, o, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
 That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
 May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law: But 'tis not so above:
 There is no shuffling, there the action lies
 In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
 Try what repentance can: What can it not?
 Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
 O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
 O limed soul; that, struggling to be free,
 Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay!
 Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe;
 All may be well!

[remains in Action of Prayer.

Enter HAMLET, at a Distance.

HAM. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
 And now I'll do't; [*drawing.*] And so he goes to heaven:
 And so am I reveng'd? That would be scan'd:
 A villain kills my father; and, for that,

I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.

Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.

Up, † sword; and know thou a more horrid hint:
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physick but prolongs thy sickly days. [Exit.]

Kin. My words fly up, [*rises.*] my thoughts remain
below:

Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter Queen, and POLONIUS.

POL. He will come straight. Look, you lay home to
him:

Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me even † here.
Pray you, be round.

Que. I'll warrant you; fear me not.
Withdraw, I hear him coming. [*Pol. hides himself.*]

Enter HAMLET, abruptly.

HAM. Now, mother; what's the matter?

Que. *Hamlet*, thou hast thy father much offended.

HAM. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Que. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

HAM. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Que. Why, how now, *Hamlet*?

HAM. What's the matter now?

Que. Have you forgot me?

HAM. No, by the rood, not so:

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;

And, 'would it were not so, you are my mother.

Que. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

HAM. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;

You go not, 'till I set you up a glass,

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Que. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!

POL. [*behind.*] What, ho! help!

HAM. How now! a rat?

Dead, for a ducat, dead. [*making a Pass at the Arras.*]

POL. [*behind.*] O, I am slain. [*falls forward, and dies.*]

Que. O me, what hast thou done?

HAM. Nay, I know not:

Is it the king?

[*lifts up the Arras, and draws forth Polonius.*]

Que. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

HAM. A bloody deed;—almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Que. As kill a king?

HAM. Ay, lady, 'twas my word —
 Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
 I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:
 Thou find'st, to be too busy, is some danger. —
 Leave wringing of your hands: Peace, sit you down;
 And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
 If it be made of penetrable stuff;
 If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
 That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Que. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy
 tongue
 In noise so rude against me?

HAM. Such an act,
 That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
 Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
 From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
 And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
 As false as dicers' oaths: o, such a deed,
 As from the body of contraction plucks
 The very soul; and sweet religion makes
 A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow;
 Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
 With tristful visage, as against the doom,
 Is thought-sick at the act.

Que. Ay me, what act,
 That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

HAM. Look here, upon this † picture, and on † this;
 The counterfeited presentment of two brothers.
 See, what a grace was seated on this † brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of *Jove* himself;
 An eye like *Mars*, to threaten and command;

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 When th
 Since fro
 And reas
Que.

A station like the herald *Mercury*,
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
 A combination, and a form, indeed,
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man:
 This was your husband. Look you now, what follows:
 Here † is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
 And batten on this moor? Ha, have you eyes?
 You cannot call it, love: for, at your age,
 The hey-day in the blood is tame; it's humble,
 And waits upon the judgment; And what judgment
 Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have;
 Else, could you not have motion: But, sure, that sense
 Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;
 Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thral'd,
 But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
 To serve in such a difference. What devil was't,
 That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
 Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling fans all,
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense
 Could not so mope.
 O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
 If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
 And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,
 When the compulsive ardor gives the charge;
 Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
 And reason panders will.

Que. O Hamlet, speak no more:

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.

HAM. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an incestuous bed;
Stew'd in corruption; honying, and making love;
Over the nasty sty;—

Que. O, speak to me no more;
These words like daggers enter in my ears;
No more, sweet *Hamlet*.

HAM. A murderer, and a villain:
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord: a vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket.

Que. No more.

Enter Ghost.

HAM. A king of shreds and patches:—
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings, [are?
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious fig-

Que. Alas, he's mad.

HAM. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, let's go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say.

Gho. Do not forget: This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul;
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works;
Speak to her, *Hamlet*.

HAM. How is it with you, lady?

QUE. Alas, how is't with you?

That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands an end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

HAM. On him! on him! look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. — Do not look upon me;
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

QUE. To whom do you speak this?

HAM. Do you see nothing † there?

QUE. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

HAM. Nor did you nothing hear?

QUE. No, nothing, but ourselves.

HAM. Why, look you † there; look, how it steals a-
way;

My father, in his habit as he liv'd,

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[Exit Ghost.]

QUE. This is the very coinage of your brain:

This bodiless creation ecstasy

Is very cunning in.

HAM. What ecstasy?

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,

And makes as healthful musick: It is not madness,

That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
 And I the matter will re-word; which madness
 Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
 Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
 That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
 It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
 Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
 Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
 Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
 And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
 To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue:
 For, in the fatness of these purfy times,
 Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;
 Yea, courb, and woo, for leave to do him good.

Que. O, *Hamlet*, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

HAM. O, throw away the worser part of it,
 And live the purer with the other half.
 Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
 Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
 That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
 Of habits evil, is angel yet in this;
 That to the use of actions fair and good
 He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
 That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night;
 And that shall lend a kind of easiness
 To the next abstinence: the next, more easy:
 For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
 And master even the devil, or throw him out
 With wondrous potency. Once more, good night:
 And, when you are desirous to be blest,
 I'll blessing beg of you. For this † same lord,
 I do repent; But heaven hath pleas'd it so,—

2¹ habits devill,

To punish me with this, and this with me,—
 That I must be their scourge and minister:
 I will bestow him, and will answer well
 The death I gave him. So, again good-night.—
 I must be cruel, only to be kind:
 Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—
 Hark, one word more, good lady.

Que. What shall I do!

HAM. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
 Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
 Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you, his mouse;
 And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
 Or padding in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
 Make you to ravel all this matter out,
 That I essentially am not in madness,
 But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know:
 For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
 Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
 Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
 No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,
 Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
 Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,
 To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
 And break your own neck down.

Que. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
 And breath of life, I have no life to breath
 What thou hast said to me.

HAM. I must to *England*; you know that?

Que. Alack,

I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

[lows,—

HAM. There's letters seal'd: and my two school-fel-
 Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,—

They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
 And marshal me to knavery: Let it work;
 For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
 Hoist with his own petar: and 't shall go hard,
 But I will delve one yard below their mines,
 And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet,
 When in one line two crafts directly meet. —
 This man shall set me packing.
 I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room: —
 Mother, good night. — Indeed, this counsellor
 Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
 Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
 Come, fir, to † draw toward an end with you: —
 Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt, severally; Hamlet tugging in Polonius.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.*

*Enter King, Queen, Rosincrantz, and
 Guildenstern.*

Kin. There's matter in these sighs, these profound
 heaves;
 You must translate; 'tis fit, we understand them:
 Where is your son?

Que. Bestow this place on us a little while. —

[*Exeunt Ros. and Gui.*]

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night?

Kin. What, *Gertrude*? How does *Hamlet*?

Que. Mad as the sea, and wind, when both contend
 Which is the mightier: In his lawless fit,

Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, *A rat, a rat*;
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

Kin. O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be lay'd to us; whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man: but, so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit;
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Que. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

Kin. O, *Gertrude*, come away!

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse. — Ho, *Guildestern*!

Enter Rosincrantz, and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath *Polonius* slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he drag'd him:
Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this. —

[*Exeunt Ros. and Gui.*]

Come, *Gertrude*, we'll call up our wisest friends;
 And let them know, both what we mean to do,
 And what's untimely done: so, haply, slander,—
 Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
 As level as the cannon to his blank,
 Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our name,
 And hit the woundless air. O, come away;
 My soul is full of discord, and dismay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter HAMLET.

HAM. _____ Safely stow'd. But, soft;

ROS. &c. [*within.*] Hamlet! lord Hamlet!

HAM. What noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter ROSINCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

ROS. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

HAM. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

ROS. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence,
 And bear it to the chapel.

HAM. Do not believe it.

ROS. Believe what?

HAM. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge,—what replication should be made by the son of a king?

ROS. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

HAM. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance,
 his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king
 best service in the end: He keeps them, like an ape, in
 the corner of his jaw; first mouth'd, to be last swallow'd;
 when he needs what you have glean'd, it is but squeeze-

ing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

HAM. I am glad of it: A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

HAM. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

GUI. A thing, my lord?

HAM. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide, fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter King, attended.

Kin. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body. How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose? Yet must not we put the strong law on him: He's lov'd of the distracted multitude, Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes; And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd, But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even, This sudden sending him away must seem Deliberate pause: Diseases, desperate grown, By desperate appliance are reliev'd,

Enter ROSINCRANTZ.

Or not at all.—How now? what hath befall'n?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord, We cannot get from him.

Kin. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

Kin. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho! bring in the lord.

Enter HAMLET, and Guildenstern.

Kin. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

HAM. At supper.

Kin. At supper? Where?

HAM. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politick worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else, to fat us; and we fat ourselves for maggots: Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table; that's the end.

Kin. Alas, alas!

HAM. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

Kin. What dost thou mean by this?

HAM. Nothing, but to shew you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

Kin. Where is Polonius?

HAM. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him in the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

Kin. Go seek him there. [*to some Attendants.*]

HAM. He will stay till you come. [*Ex unt Attendants.*]

Kin. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—
Which we do tender; as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: Therefore, prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

HAM. For England?

Kin. Ay, Hamlet.

HAM. Good.

Kin. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

HAM. I see a cherub, that sees them.—But, come; for England:—Farewel, dear mother.

Kin. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

HAM. My mother: Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh: so, my mother.—Come, for England. [Exit HAMLET.

Kin. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night:

Away; for every thing is seal'd and done,

That else leans on the affair: Pray you, make haste.

[Exit Ros. and Gui.]

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at ought,

(As my great power thereof may give thee sense;

Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red

After the *Danish* sword, and thy free awe

Pays homage to us) thou may'st not coldly set by

Our sovereign process; which imports at full,

By letters congruing to that effect,

The present death of *Hamlet*. Do it, England;

For like the hestick in my blood he rages,

And thou must cure me: 'Till I know 'tis done,

Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin. [Exit.

SCENE IV. A Plain in Denmark.

Enter FORTINERAS, and Forces, marching.

FOR. Go, captain, from me greet the *Danish* king;
Tell him, that, by his licence, *Fortinbras*

Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would ought with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my lord.

FOR. Go softly on. [*Exeunt FOR. and Forces.*]

Enter HAMLET, ROSINCRANTZ, &c.

HAM. Good fir, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of *Norway*, fir.

HAM. How purpos'd, fir, I pray you?

Cap. Sir, against

Some part of *Poland*.

HAM. Who commands them, fir?

Cap. The nephew to old *Norway*, *Fortinbras*.

HAM. Goes it against the main of *Poland*, fir,
Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, fir, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to *Norway*, or the *Pole*,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

HAM. Why, then the *Polack* never will defend it.

Cap. O, yes, it is already garrison'd.

HAM. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,

Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth, and peace;
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies — I humbly thank you, fir.

Cap. God be wi' you, fir. [*Exit Captain.*]

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?

HAM. I will be with you straight,

Go a little before. — [Exeunt Ros. and the rest.]

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom;
And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do*;
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
Witness, this army, of such mass, and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince;
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly, to be great
Is not, not to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,

That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
 Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot,
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
 To hide the slain? O, then, from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [Exit.

SCENE V. Elsinour. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Queen, attended; HORATIO, and a
 Gentleman.

Que. ————— I will not speak with her.

Gen. She is importunate; indeed, distract;
 Her mood will needs be pity'd.

Que. What would she have?

Gen. She speaks much of her father; says, she hears,
 There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
 Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
 That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
 Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
 The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
 And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
 Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
 Indeed would make one think, there might be thought,
 Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

HOR. 'Twere good, she were spoken with; for she may
 strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds:

Let her come in.

[Exit Gen.

Que. "To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,"

"Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:"

"So full of artless jealousy is guilt,"

"It spills itself, in fearing to be spilt."

Enter OPHELIA, wildly.

OPH. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

QUE. How now, Ophelia?

OPH. *How should I your true-love know* [sings.
from another one?

*By his cockle hat, and staff,
and his sandal shoön.*

QUE. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

OPH. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

He is dead and gone, lady, [sings.
he is dead and gone;

*at his head a grass-green turf,
at his heels a stone.*

O, o!

QUE. Nay, but Ophelia,—

OPH. Pray you, mark.

White his shrowd as the mountain snow, [sings.

Enter King.

QUE. Alas, look here, my lord.

OPH. *Larded all with sweet flowers;
which bewept to the ground did go,
with true-love showers.*

KIN. How do you, pretty lady?

OPH. Well, God 'ild you. They say, the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

KIN. Conceit upon her father.

OPH. Pray, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you, what it means, say you this:

To-morrow is St. Valentine's day, [sings.
*all in the morn betime,
and I a maid at your window,
to be your Valentine:*

so did not go

*Then up he rose,
and d'on'd his cloaths,
and d'op'd the chamber door;
let in the maid,
that out a maid
never departed more.*

Kin. Pretty Ophelia!

OPH. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

By Gis, and by [sings.

St. Charity,

alack, and fie for shame!

young men will do't,

if they come to't;

by cock, they are to blame.

Before, quoth she,

you tumbl'd me,

you promis'd me to wed:

He answers, So would I ha' done,

by yonder sun,

an thou hadst not come to my bed.

Kin. How long hath she been thus?

*OPH. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient:
but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they would lay
him i' the cold ground: My brother shall know of it,
and so I thank you for your good counsel.—Come, my
coach!—Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies;
good night, good night. [Exit OPHELIA.*

*Kin. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray
you. [Exeunt HOR. and ATT.*

*O! This is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,*

15 Quoth she, Before

But in battalions. First, her father slain:
 Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
 Of his own just remove: The people muddy'd,
 Thick and unwholsome in their thoughts, and whispers,
 For good *Polonius'* death; and we have done
 But greenly to interr him: Poor *Ophelia*
 Divided from herself, and her fair judgment;
 Without the which we are pictures, or meer beasts.
 Last, and as much containing as all these,
 Her brother is in secret come from *France*:
 Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
 And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
 With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
 Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
 Will nothing stick our persons to arraign
 In ear and ear. O my dear *Gertrude*, this,
 Like to a murdering piece, in many places
 Gives me superfluous death. [Noise within.]

Que. Alack, what noise is this?

Kin. Where are my *Switzers*? let them guard the
 door:—

Enter a Gentleman, hastily.

What is the matter?

Gen. Save yourself, my lord;
 The ocean, overpeering of his list,
 Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
 Than young *Laertes*, in a riotous head,
 O'er-bears your officers! The rabble call him, lord:
 And, as the world were now but to begin,
 Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
 The ratifiers and props of every work,
 They cry, *Choose we; Laertes shall be king*:

Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
 Laertes *shall be king*, Laertes *king*!

[*Noise again, and Shouts: Door assaulted.*]

Que. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
 O, this is counter, you false *Danish* dogs.

Kin. The doors are broke.

Enter LAERTES, arm'd; Danes following.

LAE. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

Dan. No, let's come in.

LAE. I pray you, give me leave.

Dan. We will, we will. [*retiring without the Door.*]

LAE. I thank you; keep the door.—O thou vile king,
 Give me my father.

Que. Calmly, good *Laertes*.

LAE. That drop of blood, that's calm, proclaims me
 bastard;

Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
 Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
 Of my true mother.

Kin. What is the cause, *Laertes*,
 That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
 Let him go, *Gertrude*; do not fear our person;
 There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
 That treason can but peep to what it would,
 Acts little of his will.—Tell me, *Laertes*,
 Why thou art thus incens'd;—Let him go, *Gertrude*;
 Speak, man.

LAE. Where is my father?

Kin. Dead, *Laertes*.

Que. But not by him.

Kin. Let him demand his fill.

LAE. How came he dead? I'll not be juggl'd with:

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
 Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!
 I dare damnation: To this point I stand,—
 That both the worlds I give to negligence,
 Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
 Most thoroughly for my father.

Kin. Who shall stay you?

LAE. My will, not all the world's:
 And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
 They shall go far with little.

Kin. Good *Laertes*,
 If you desire to know the certainty
 Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
 That, sweep-stake, you will draw both friend and foe,
 Winner and loser?

LAE. None but his enemies.

Kin. Will you know them then?

LAE. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
 And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
 Repast them with my blood.

Kin. Why, now you speak
 Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
 That I am guiltless of your father's death,
 And am most sensibly in grief for it,
 It shall as level to your judgment pierce
 As day does to your eye.

[*Noise within.*]

Dan. [*within.*] Let her come in.

LAE. How now! what noise is that?

*Enter OPHELIA, fantastically drest up
 with Flowers, &c.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, seven times salt,
 Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—

14 scoopflake,

By heaven, thy madness shall be pay'd by weight,
 'Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May,
 Dear maid, kind sister, sweet *Ophelia*!—
 O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
 Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
 Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine,
 It sends some precious instance of itself
 After the thing it loves.

OPH. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier,* [sings.
and on his grave rains many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove.

LAE. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
 It could not move thus.

OPH. You must sing, Down, a-down, an you call him
 a-down-a. O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false
 steward, that stole his master's daughter.

LAE. This nothing's more than matter.

OPH. There's † rosemary, that's for remembrance;
 pray you, love, remember: and there is † pansies, that's
 for thoughts.

LAE. A document in madness; thoughts and remem-
 brance fitted.

OPH. There's † fennel for you, and columbines:—
 There's † rue for you;—and here's some for me: we
 may call it, herb of grace, o' Sundays:—you may wear
 your rue with a difference.—There's † a daisy:—I would
 give you some violets; but they wither'd all, when my
 father dy'd: They say, he made a good end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,— [sings.

LAE. Thought, and affliction, passion, hell itself,
 She turns to favour and to prettiness.

OPH. *And will he not come again?* [sings.

and will he not come again?

*No, no, he is dead,
go to thy death-bed,
he never will come again.*

2.

*His beard was as white as snow,
all flaxen was his pole:*

*he is gone, he is gone,
and we cast away moan;*

Gramercy on his soul!

And of all christian souls, I pray God. God be wi' you!

[Exit OPHELIA.]

LAE. Do you see this, o God!

Kin. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

LAE. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure burial,—
No trophee sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

Kin. So you shall;
And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.

I pray you, go with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter HORATIO, and a Servant.

HOR. What are they, that would speak with me?

Ser. Sailors, sir;

They say, they have letters for you.

HOR. Let them come in. — [Exit Servant.]

I do not know from what part of the world

I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1. S. God bless you, sir.

HOR. Let him bless thee too.

1. S. He shall, sir, an't please him. There's \dagger a letter for you, sir: it comes from th'embassador, that was bound for England; if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

HOR. [*reads.*] *Horatio, when thou shalt have over-look'd this, give these fellows some means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase: Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compell'd valour: in the grapple, I boarded them: on the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner: They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy: but they knew what they did; I am to do a turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me, with as much speed as thou would'st fly death: I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter: these good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosincrantz, and Guildenstern, hold their course for England: of them I have*

much to tell thee. Farewel. He that thou knowest thine,
Hamlet.

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. *The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter King, and LAERTES.

Kin. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

LAE. It well appears: But tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stir'd up.

Kin. O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unfinew'd,
But yet to me they are strong. The queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which)
She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is, the great love the general gender bear him:
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,

Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

LAE. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms;
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections: But my revenge will come.

Kin. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not
think,

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—

Enter a Gentleman.

How now? what news?

Gen. Letters, my lord, from *Hamlet*:
These † to your majesty; this † to the queen.

Kin. From *Hamlet*? Who brought them?

Gen. Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them not;
They were given me by *Claudio*, he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.

Kin. *Laertes*, you shall hear them:—

Leave us.

[Exit Gentleman.]

*High and mighty, [reads.] You shall know, I am set
naked on your kingdome. To-morrow shall I beg leave to
see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon
thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden return.*

Hamlet.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

LAE. Know you the hand?

Kin. 'Tis *Hamlet's* character. Naked!
And in a postscript here he says, alone:
Can you advise me?

LAE. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.

Kin. If it be so, *Laertes*,—
As how should it be so? how otherwise?
Will you be rul'd by me?

LAE. I will, my lord;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

Kin. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my devise,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breath;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practise,
And call it, accident.

LAE. My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

Kin. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in *Hamlet's* hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

LAE. What part is that, my lord?

Kin. A very riband in the cap of youth,

Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
 The light and careless livery that it wears,
 Than settl'd age his fables, and his weeds,
 Importing health, and graveness. Two months since
 Here was a gentleman of *Normandy*,—
 I have seen myself, and serv'd against, the *French*,
 And they can well on horse-back: but this gallant
 Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;
 And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
 As he had been incorps'd and demy-natur'd
 With the brave beast: so far he top'd my thought,
 That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
 Come short of what he did.

LAE. A *Norman* was't?

Kin. A *Norman*.

LAE. Upon my life, *Lamord*.

Kin. The very same.

LAE. I know him well; he is the brooch, indeed,
 And jem of all the nation.

Kin. He made confession of you:
 And gave you such a masterly report,
 For art and exercise in your defence,
 And for your rapier most especial,
 That he cry'd out, 'Twould be a fight indeed,
 If one could match you; the scrimers of their nation,
 He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
 If you oppos'd them: Sir, this report of his
 Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his envy,
 That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
 Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.
 Now, out of this,—

LAE. What out of this, my lord?

Kin. *Laertes*, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

LAE. Why ask you this?

Kin. Not that I think, you did not love your father;
But that I know, love is begun by time;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a plurify,
Dies in his own too much: That we would do,
We should do when we would: for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *should* is like a spend-thrift's sigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer:
Hamlet comes back; What would you undertake,
To show yourself indeed your father's son
More than in words?

LAE. To cut his throat i' the church.

Kin. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good *Laertes*,
Will you do this; keep close within your chamber?
Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The *Frenchman* gave you; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager o'er your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,

Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

LAE. I will do't:

And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank;
So mortal, that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion; that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

Kin. Let's further think of this;

Weigh what convenience, both of time and means,
May fit us to our shape: If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd; therefore, this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this did blast in proof. Soft; let me see:
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,—
I ha't:

When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prefer'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?—

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen?

Que. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow:—

Your sister's drown'd, *Laertes*.

LAE. Drown'd! o, where?

Que. There is a willow grows ascant the brook,
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantaslick garlands did she make,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
Then on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliwer broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her cloaths spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
Which time, she chaunted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
'Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

LAE. Alas, then, she is drown'd?

Que. Drown'd, drown'd.

LAE. Too much of water hast thou, poor *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out. — Adieu, my lord:
I have a speech of fire; that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [Exit.

Kin. Let's follow, *Gertrude*:

How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it start again;

Therefore, let's follow:

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. A Church-yard.*

Enter two Clowns, with Spades, &c.

1. C. Is she to be bury'd in christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2. C. I tell thee, she is; therefore, make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it christian burial.

1. C. How can that be, unless she drown'd herself in her own defence?

2. C. Why, 'tis found so.

1. C. It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drown'd herself wittingly.

2. C. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver:

1. C. Give me leave. Here † lies the water; good: here † stands the man; good: If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: Argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2. C. But is this law?

1. C. Ay, marry, is't; crowner's-quest law.

2. C. Will you ha' the truth on't? if this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been bury'd out of christian burial.

1. C. Why, there thou say'st: And the more pity; that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even christen. Come, my spade. [*strips, and falls to digging.*] There is no ancient gentlemen, but gärdiners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up *Adam's* profession.

2. C. Was he a gentleman?

1. C. He was the first that ever bore arms.

2. C. Why, he had none.

1. C. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the scripture? The scripture says, *Adam* dig'd; Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answer'st me not to the purpose, confests thyself—

2. C. Go to.

1. C. What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the ship-wright, or the carpenter?

2. C. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1. C. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well: But how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say, the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2. C. Who builds stronger than a mason, a ship-wright, or a carpenter?

1. C. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2. C. Marry, now I can tell.

1. C. To't.

2. C. Mafs, I cannot tell.

*Enter HAMLET, and HORATIO,
at a Distance.*

1. C. Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your

dull as will not mend his pace with beating: and, when you are ask'd this question next, say, a grave-maker; the houses, that he makes, last 'till dooms-day. Go, get thee to *Yaugban*, and fetch me a stoop of liquor.

[Exit second Clown.

*In youth when I did love, did love, [sings.
methought, it was very sweet,
to contract, o, the time, for, ah, my behove;
o, methought, there was nothing so meet.*

HAM. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings in grave-making.

HOR. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

HAM. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

I. C. *But age, with his stealing steps,
hath claw'd me in his clutch,
and shipped me into the land,
as if I had never been such.* [sings.

[throws up a Scull.

HAM. That scull had a tongue in't, and could sing once; How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were *Cain's* jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this as now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

HOR. It might, my lord.

HAM. Or of a courtier; which could say, *Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, sweet lord?* This might be my lord such a one, that prais'd my lord such a one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

HOR. Ay, my lord.

HAM. Why, e'en so: and now my lady worm's; chap-
 lels, and knockt about the mazzard with a sexton's spade:
 Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did
 these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at
 loggats with them? mine ake to think on't.

I. C. *A pickaxe, and a spade, a spade,* [sings.
for—and a shrowding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
for such a guest is meet.

[*throws up another Scull.*

HAM. There's another: Why may not that be the scull
 of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillities,
 his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suf-
 fer this rude knave now to knock him about the scone
 with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action
 of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great
 buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his
 fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: Is this the fine
 of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have
 his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch
 him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than
 the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? the ve-
 ry conveyances of his lands will hardly lye in this box;
 and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

HOR. Not a jot more, my lord.

HAM. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

HOR. Ay, my lord, and of calves-skins too.

HAM. They are sheep, and calves, which seek out as-
 surance in that. I will speak to this fellow:—Whose
 grave's this, firrah?

I. C. Mine, sir.—

O, a pit of clay for to be made— [sings.

HAM. I think, it be thine, indeed; for thou ly'st in't.

I. C. You lie out on't, fir; and, therefore, it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

HAM. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say, it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore, thou ly'st.

I. C. 'Tis a quick lie, fir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

HAM. What man dost thou dig it for?

I. C. For no man, fir.

HAM. What woman then?

I. C. For none neither.

HAM. Who is to be bury'd in't?

I. C. One, that was a woman, fir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

HAM. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, *Horatio*, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kybe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

I. C. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king *Hamlet* overcame *Fortinbras*.

HAM. How long is that since?

I. C. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was that very day that young *Hamlet* was born; he that is mad, and sent into *England*.

HAM. Ay, marry, why was he sent into *England*?

I. C. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

HAM. Why?

I. C. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

HAM. How came he mad?

1. C. Very strangely, they say.

HAM. How strangely?

1. C. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

HAM. Upon what ground?

1. C. Why, here in *Denmark*: I have been sexton here, man, and boy, thirty years.

HAM. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1. C. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky coarsets now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

HAM. Why he more than another?

1. C. Why, sir, his hide is so tan'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a fore decayer of your whorson dead body. Here's † a scull now hath lain you i' the earth twenty three years.

HAM. Whose was it?

1. C. A whorson mad fellow's it was; Whose do you think it was?

HAM. Nay, I know not.

1. C. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he pour'd a flagon of rhenish on my head once: This same scull, sir, was sir *Yorick's* scull, the king's jester.

HAM. This?

[takes the Scull.]

1. C. E'en that.

HAM. Alas, poor *Yorick*!— I knew him, *Horatio*; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath born me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorr'd in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kiss'd I know not how

oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-faln? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, Let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, *Horatio*, tell me one thing.

HOR. What's that, my lord?

HAM. Dost thou think, *Alexander* look'd o' this fashion i' the earth?

HOR. E'en so.

HAM. And smelt so? pah! [*throws it down.*]

HOR. E'en so, my lord.

HAM. To what base uses we may return, *Horatio*! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander*, 'till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

HOR. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

HAM. No, 'faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus,—*Alexander* dy'd, *Alexander* was bury'd, *Alexander* returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make lome; And why of that lome, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial *Cæsar*, dead, and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

But, soft, but soft, aside; here comes the king,

Enter Priests, &c. in solemn Procession,

a Coffin following: LAERTES, and Mourners, after it;

King, Queen, their Trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers: Who is this they follow?

And with such maimed rites! This doth betoken,
The coarse, they follow, did with desperate hand
Fore-do it's own life: 'Twas of some estate:

Couch we a while, and mark. [*retiring with Horatio.*

LAE. What ceremony else? [*to the Priests.*

HAM. That is *Laertes*, [*to Horatio.*

A very noble youth: Mark.

LAE. What ceremony else?

1. P. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty: Her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'er-sways the order,
She should in ground unfantify'd have lodg'd,
'Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her:
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin rites,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

LAE. Must there no more be done?

1. P. No more be done;
We should prophane the service of the dead,
To sing a *requiem* and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

LAE. Lay her i' the earth:— [*Coffin lay'd in.*
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! — I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministring angel shall my sister be,
When thou ly'st howling.

HAM. What, the fair *Ophelia*!

Que. Sweets to the sweet: [*strewing Flowers.*] Fare-
well!

I hop'd, thou should'st have been my *Hamlet's* wife;
I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,

And not have strew'd thy grave.

LAE. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that curfed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of! — Hold off the earth a while,
'Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

[leaps into the Grave.]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead;
'Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'er-top old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
Of blue *Olympus*.

HAM. What is he, *[advancing.]* whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,

Hamlet the Dane.

[leaps too in the Grave.]

LAE. The devil take thy soul! *[grappling with him.]*

HAM. Thou pray'st not well.

I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear: Hold off thy hand.

Kin. Pluck them afunder.

Que. Hamlet, Hamlet!

Att. Gentlemen,—

[the Attendants part them.]

HOR. Good my lord, be quiet.

[to Hamlet.]

[they come out of the Grave.]

HAM. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

Que. O my son, what theme?

HAM. I lov'd *Ophelia*; forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love

Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

Kin. O, he is mad, *Laertes*.

Que. For love of God, forbear him.

HAM. ———'Zounds, show me what thou't do:
Wou't weep? wou't fight? wou't fast? wou't tear thyself?
Wou't drink up *Elfil*? eat a crocodile?
I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her grave?
Be bury'd quick with her; and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; 'till our ground,
Sindging his pate against the burning zone,
Make *Ossa* like a wart: Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Que. This is meer madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will fit drooping.

HAM. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: But it is no matter;
Let *Hercules* himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

[*Exit HAMLET.*

Kin. I pray thee, good *Horatio*, wait upon him —

[*Exit HORATIO.*

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
We'll put the matter to the present push.—
Good *Gertrude*, set some watch over your son.—

[*Exit Queen, &c.*

This grave shall have a living monument:

An hour of quiet thereby shall we see;
 'Till then in patience our proceeding be. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The same. A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter HAMLET, and HORATIO.

HAM. So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other;—

You do remember all the circumstance?

HOR. Remember it, my lord!

HAM. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
 That would not let me sleep; methought, I lay
 Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashness
 (And prais'd be rashness for it!) lets us know,
 Our indiscretion sometime serves us well,
 When our deep plots do fail: and that should teach us,
 There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
 Rough-hew them how we will.

HOR. That is most certain.

HAM. Up from my cabin,
 My sea-gown scarft about me, in the dark
 Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire;
 Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew
 To mine own room again: making so bold,
 My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
 Their grand commission; where I found, *Horatio*,
 A royal knavery; an exact command,—
 Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
 Importing *Denmark's* health, and *England's* too,
 With, ho, such bugs and goblins in my life,—
 That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
 No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
 My head should be strook off.

¹² rashly, ¹³ let us ¹⁵ doe fall,

HOR. Is't possible?

HAM. Here's the † commission; read it at more leisure.

But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

HOR. Ay, 'beseech you.

HAM. Being thus benetted round with villanies,—
Or I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play;—I fat me down;
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service: Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

HOR. Ay, good my lord.

HAM. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
As *England* was his faithful tributary;
As love between them like the palm might flourish;
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a commere 'tween their amities;
And many such like as's of great charge,—
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more, or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving time allow'd.

HOR. How was this seal'd?

HAM. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant;
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that *Danish* seal:
† folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subscrib'd it; gav't the impression; plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known: Now, the next day

Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

HOR. So *Guildestern* and *Rosincrantz* go to't.

HAM. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;

They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

HOR. Why, what a king is this!

HAM. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;
Popt in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cou'snage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil.

HOR. It must be shortly known to him from *England*,
What is the issue of the business there.

HAM. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life's no more than to say, one.
But I am very sorry, good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot myself;
For by the image of my cause I see
The portraiture of his: I'll court his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

HOR. Peace; who comes here?

Enter OSRICK, a Courtier.

OSR. Your lordship is right welcome back to *Denmark*.

HAM. I humbly thank you, sir. — “Dost know this”
“water-fly?”

HOR. “No, my good lord.”

HAM. “Thy state is the more gracious; for ’tis a”
“vice, to know him: He hath much land, and fertil:”
“let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand”
“at the king’s mess: ’tis a cough; but, as I say, spa-”
“cious in the possession of dirt.”

OSR. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I
should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

HAM. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit:
Your bonnet to his right use; ’tis for the head.

OSR. I thank your lordship, ’tis very hot.

HAM. No, believe me, ’tis very cold; the wind is nor-
therly.

OSR. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

HAM. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and hot; or
my complexion —

OSR. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, as ’t
were; I cannot tell how. My lord, his majesty bad me
signify to you, that he has lay’d a great wager on your
head: Sir, this is the matter; —

HAM. I beseech you, remember.

OSR. Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good faith.
Sir, here is newly come to court, *Laertes*: believe me,
an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences,
of very soft society, and great showing: Indeed, to speak
feelingly of him, he is the very card or kalendar of gen-
try; for you shall find in him the continent of what part
a gentleman would see.

HAM. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you; —
though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would diz-

zy the arithmetick of memory;—and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

OSR. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

HAM. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

OSR. Sir?

HOR. “Is’t not possible to understand in another”
“tongue?—You will do’t, sir, rarely.” [to Hamlet.

HAM. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

OSR. Of *Laertes*?

HOR. “His purse is empty already; all’s golden”
words are spent.”

HAM. Of him, sir?

OSR. I know, you are not ignorant—

HAM. I would, you did, sir;—yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me:—Well, sir.

OSR. —You are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is:

HAM. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; for, to know a man well, were to know himself.

OSR. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation lay’d on him by them: in this meed he’s unfeelow’d.

HAM. What’s his weapon?

OSR. Rapier and dagger.

HAM. That’s two of his weapons: but, well.

12 really. 25 excellence, but to 28 in his meed

OSR. The king, sir, has wager'd with him six *Barbary* horses: against the which he has impon'd, as I take it, six *French* rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hanger, and so; three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

HAM. What call you the carriages?

HOR. "I knew, you must be edify'd by the marg-"
"ent, ere you had done." [to Hamlet.

OSR. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

HAM. The phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides; I would, it might be hangers'till then. But, on: Six *Barbary* horses, against six *French* swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the *French* bet against the *Danish*; Why is this impon'd, as you call it?

OSR. The king, sir, hath lay'd, that, in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath lay'd on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

HAM. How if I answer, no?

OSR. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

HAM. Sir, I will walk here in the hall; if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foils be brought: the gentleman willing, and the king holding his purpose, I will win for him, an I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

OSR. Shall I deliver you so?

HAM. To that effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

OSR. I commend my duty to your lordship.

HAM. Yours, yours. — [*Exit OSRICK.*] He does well, to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

HOR. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

HAM. He did compliment with his dug, before he fuck'd it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, an outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, that carries them through and through the most fan'd and winnow'd opinions; and, do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter another Courtier.

Cou. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young *Osrick*, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time.

HAM. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Cou. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

HAM. In happy time.

Cou. The queen desires you, to use some gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you fall to play.

HAM. She well instructs me. [*Exit Courtier.*]

HOR. You will lose this wager, my lord.

HAM. I do not think so; since he went into *France*, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. Thou would'st not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

HOR. Nay, good my lord,—

HAM. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of 'gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

HOR. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestal their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

HAM. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: Since no man, of ought he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter King, Queen, LAERTES, Lords, OSRICK, and Others; Attendants with Foils, &c.

Kin. Come, *Hamlet*, come, and take this † hand from me.

HAM. Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong;

But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows,

And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd

With fore distraction: What I have done,

That might your nature, honour, and exception,

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? Never *Hamlet*:

If *Hamlet* from himself be ta'en away,

And, when he's not himself, does wrong *Laertes*,

Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it.

Who does it then? His madness: If't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;

His madness is poor *Hamlet*'s enemy.

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

LAE. I am satisfy'd in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation,
'Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd: But, 'till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

HAM. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play. —
Give us the foils; come on.

LAE. Come, one for me.

HAM. I'll be your foil, *Laertes*; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

LAE. You mock me, sir.

HAM. No, by this † hand.

Kin. Give them the foils, young *Osrick*. — Cousin
Hamlet,

You know the wager?

HAM. Very well, my lord:
Your grace hath lay'd the odds o' the weaker side.

Kin. I do not fear it; I have seen you both: —
But since he is better'd, you have therefore odds.

[*they prepare to play.*]
LAE. This is too heavy, let me see another. [gth?

HAM. This likes me well: These foils have all a len-

OSR. Ay, my good lord.

Enter Attendants, with Wine.

8 president 27 better'd, we have

Kin. Set me the stoops of wine upon that table:—
 If *Hamlet* give the first, or second, hit,
 Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
 Let all the battlements their ord'nance fire;
 The king shall drink to *Hamlet's* better breath;
 And in the cup an union shall he throw,
 Richer than that which four successive kings
 In *Denmark's* crown have worn: Give me the cups;
 And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
 The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
 The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
 Now the king drinks to *Hamlet*.—Come, begin;—
 And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

HAM. Come on, sir.

LAE. Come, my lord. [*A Flourish. They play.*]

HAM. One.

LAE. No.

HAM. Judgment?

OSR. A hit, a very palpable hit.

LAE. Well, again.

Kin. Stay, give me drink:—*Hamlet*, this † pearl is
 thine;

Here's to thy health.— [*drinks, and puts Poison in the Cup.*]
 Give him the cup. [*Flourish. Ordinance within.*]

HAM. I'll play this bout first, set it by a while.—

Come. [*play.*] Another hit; What say you?

LAE. I do confess't.

Kin. Our son shall win.

Que. He's fat, and scant of breath.—

Here, *Hamlet*, take my napkin, rub thy brows:
 The queen carowses to thy fortune, *Hamlet*.

HAM. Thank you, good madam.

Kin. Gertrude, do not drink.

Que. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.

[drinks, and tenders the Cup to Hamlet;

Kin. "It is the poison'd cup; it is too late."

HAM. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Que. Come, let me wipe thy face.

LAE. My lord, I'll hit him now.

Kin. I do not think't.

LAE. "And yet it is almost against my conscience."

HAM. Come, for the third:—*Laertes*, you but dally;
I pray you, pass with your best violence;
I am afeard, you make a wanton of me.

LAE. Say you so? come on.

[they play.

OSR. Nothing neither way.

LAE. Have at you now.

[play again.

*Laertes wounds Hamlet: a Scuffle ensues; they change
Rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*

Kin. Part them, they are incens'd.

HAM. Nay, come again.

[Queen falls.

OSR. Look to the queen there, ho!

HOR. They bleed on both sides:—

How is't, my lord?

OSR. How is't, *Laertes*?

[rick;

LAE. Why, as a woodcock to my own sprindge, Or—
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

HAM. How does the queen?

Kin. She swoons to see them bleed.

Que. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear
Hamlet!—

The drink, the drink; I am poison'd!

[dies.

HAM. O villany!—Ho! let the door be lock'd:

Treachery! seek it out.

[*Laertes falls.*

LAE. It is here, *Hamlet*: *Hamlet*, thou art slain;
 No med'cine in the world can do thee good,
 In thee there is not half an hour's life;
 The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
 Unbated, and envenom'd: the foul practice
 Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lye,
 Never to rise again: Thy mother's poison'd;
 I can no more; the king, the king's to blame.

HAM. The point envenom'd too!—
 Then, venom, to thy work. [*Stabs the King.*]

Att. Treason! treason!

Kin. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

HAM. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned *Dane*,
 Drink off this † potion: Is the union here?
 Follow my mother. [*King dies.*]

LAE. He is justly serv'd;
 It is a poison temper'd by himself.—
 Exchange forgiveness with me, noble *Hamlet*:
 Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;
 Nor thine on me! [*Laertes dies.*]

HAM. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.—
 I am dead, *Horatio*:—Wretched queen, adieu!—
 You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
 That are but mutes or audience to this act,
 Had I but time, (as this fell serjeant, death,
 Is strict in his arrest) o, I could tell you,—
 But let it be:—*Horatio*, I am dead;
 Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
 To the unsatisfy'd.

HOR. Never believe it;
 I am more an antique *Roman* than a *Dane*,
 Here's yet some liquor left.

HAM. As thou'rt a man,—
 Give me the cup; let go; by heaven, I'll ha't.—
 O God!—*Horatio*, what a wounded name,
 Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me?
 If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
 Absent thee from felicity a while, [*Firings within.*
 And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
 To tell my story.—What warlike noise is this?

OSR. Young *Fortinbras*, with conquest come from *Poland*,
 To the embassadors of *England* gives
 This warlike volly.

HAM. O, I die, *Horatio*;
 The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit.
 I cannot live to hear the news from *England*:
 But I do prophesy, the election lights
 On *Fortinbras*; he has my dying voice;
 So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,
 Which have solicited,—The rest is silence.

[*sinks, and dies.*

HOR. Now cracks a noble heart:—Good night, sweet
 prince;
 And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!—
 Why does the drum come hither? [*March within.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, the Embassadors, and Others.

FOR. Where is this fight?

HOR. What is it, you would see?
 If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

FOR. This quarry cries on havoc:—O proud death,
 What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
 That thou so many princes, at a shot,
 So bloodily hast strook?

Y. E. The fight is dismal;
 And our affairs from *England* come too late:
 The ears are senseless, that should give us hearing,
 To tell him, his commandment is fulfil'd,
 That *Rosincrantz* and *Guildestern* are dead:
 Where should we have our thanks?

HOR. Not from his † mouth,
 Had it the ability of life to thank you;
 He never gave commandment for their death.
 But since, to jump upon this bloody question,
 You from the *Polack* wars, and you from *England*
 Are here arriv'd, give order, that these bodies
 High on a stage be placed to the view;
 And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,
 How these things came about: So shall you hear
 Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts;
 Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
 Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause;
 And, in this up-shot, purposes mistook
 Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
 Truly deliver.

FOR. Let us haste to hear it,
 And call the noblesse to the audience.
 For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
 I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
 Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

HOR. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
 And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
 But let this fame be presently perform'd,
 Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mischance,
 On plots, and errors, happen.

FOR. Let four captains

Bear *Hamlet*, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldiers' musick, and the right of war,
Speak loudly for him. —

Take up the bodies: — Such a fight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.

Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*A dead March.*

*Exeunt solemnly, bearing off the Bodies; after which,
a Peal of Ordinance is shot off.*

OTHHELLO.

Persons represented.

Duke of Venice;
Brabantio, a Senator;
two other Senators:
Othello, a noble Moor, in their Service;
Cassio, his Lieutenant;
Iago, his Ancient.
Montano, chief in Command at Cyprus, before Othello.
Gratiano, Brother } *to Brabantio.*
Lodovico, Kinsman }
Roderigo, a young Venetian, in Love with Desdemona.
Officers of the Duke, two; Gentlemen, four.
Clown, a Domestick of Othello's.
a Musician, Herald, Messenger, and Sailor.

Desdemona, Brabantio's Daughter, marry'd to Othello.
Emilia, Wife to Iago.
Bianca, a Courtesan, Mistress to Cassio.

Divers other Attendants, Officers, People, &c.

Scene, during the first Act, in Venice; afterwards,
at a Sea-port in Cyprus.

OTHELLO.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Venice. A Street.

Enter RODERIGO, IAGO following.

ROD. Never tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, *Iago*,—who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine,—shouldst know of this;

IAG. But you'll not hear me:

If ever I did dream of such a matter,—

ROD. Thou toldst me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

IAG. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of
the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-cap'd to him;—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,
Non-suits my mediators; *for, certes*, says he,

5 matter, abhorre me.

I have already chose my officer.

And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,

One *Michael Cassio*, a *Florentine*,

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair face;

That never set a squadron in the field,

Nor the division of a battle knows

More than a spinster; unless the bookish theorique,

Wherein the toged consuls can propose

As masterly as he: meer prattle, without practice,

Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election:

And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof,

At *Rhodes*, at *Cyprus*; and on other grounds,

Christian, and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and calm'd

By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster;

He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,

And I (God bless the mark!) his moorship's ancient.

ROD. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

IAG. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of service;

Preferment goes by letter, and affection,

And not by old gradation, where each second

Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,

Whether I in any just term am affin'd

To love the *Moor*.

ROD. I would not follow him then.

IAG. O, sir, content you;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him:

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters

Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark

Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,

That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,

Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,

For nought but provender, and, when he's old, cashier'd;
Whip me such honest knaves: Others there are,
Who, trim'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd their
coats,

Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;
And such a one do I profess myself.

For, sir,

It is as sure as you are *Roderigo*,

Were I the *Moor*, I would not be *Iago*:

In following him, I follow but myself;

Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,

But seeming so, for my peculiar end:

For when my outward action doth demonstrate

The native act and figure of my heart

In compliment extern, 'tis not long after

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve

For daws to peck at; I am not what I am.

ROD. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry't thus!

IAG. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

ROD. Here is her father's house, I'll call aloud.

[going towards the Door.]

IAG. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,

As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spy'd in populous cities.

ROD. What ho, *Brabantio*! signior *Brabantio*, ho!

IAG. Awake! what ho, *Brabantio*! thieves, thieves,
thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves! [summons]

BRA. [*within*.] What is the reason of this terrible
What is the matter there?

ROD. Signior, is all your family within?

IAG. Are your doors lock'd?

BRA. [*within*.] Why? wherefore ask you this? [wn;

IAG. Sir, you are rob'd; for shame, put on your go-
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tugging your white ewe. Arise, arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandfire of you:
Arise, I say.

BRA. What, have you lost your wits?

[*appearing above, at a Window*.]

ROD. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

BRA. Not I; What are you?

ROD. My name is—*Roderigo*.

BRA. The worse welcome:

I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
(Being full of supper, and distempering draughts)
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet:

ROD. Sir, sir, sir,—

BRA. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit, and my place, have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

ROD. Patience, good fir.

BRA. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is *Venice*;
My house is not a grange.

ROD. Most grave *Brabantio*,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

IAG. 'Zounds, fir, you are one of those, that will not
serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do
you service, you think we are ruffians: You'll have your
daughter cover'd with a *Barbary* horse; you'll have your
nephews neigh to you: you'll have coursers for cousins,
and gennets for germans.

BRA. What prophane wretch art thou?

IAG. I am one, fir, that comes to tell you, your
daughter and the *Moor* are now making the beast with
two backs.

BRA. Thou art a villain.

IAG. You are—a senator.

BRA. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, *Roderigo*.

ROD. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,
If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly, I find, it is) that your fair daughter
Be, at this odd even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported—with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondalier,—
To the gross clasps of a lascivious *Moor*:—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But, if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,

That, from the sense of all civility,
 I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
 Your daughter,—if you have not giv'n her leave,—
 I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
 Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
 On an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
 Of here and every where: Straight satisfy yourself;
 If she be in her chamber, or your house,
 Let loose on me the justice of the state,
 For thus deluding you.

BRA. Strike on the tinder, ho!
 Give me a taper;—call up all my people:—
 This accident is not unlike my dream,
 Belief of it oppresses me already:—
 Light, I say! light! *[Exit, from above.]*

LAG. Farewel; for I must leave you:
 It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
 To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall)
 Against the *Moor*: For, I do know, the state—
 However this may gall him with some check,—
 Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd
 With such loud reason to the *Cyprus*' war,
 (Which even now stands in act) that, for their souls,
 Another of his fathom they have not,
 To lead their business on: in which regard,
 Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
 Yet, for necessity of present life,
 I must shew out a flag and sign of love,
 Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
 Lead to the sagittar the raised search;
 And there will I be with him. So, farewell. *[Exit.]*

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants,

with Lights.

BRA. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
 And what's to come of my despised time,
 Is nought but bitterness.—Now, *Roderigo*,
 Where didst thou see her?—O unhappy girl!—
 With the *Moor*, say'st thou?—Who would be a father?—
 How didst thou know 'twas she?—O, she deceives me
 Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers;
 Raise all my kindred.—Are they marry'd, think you?

ROD. Truly, I think, they are.

BRA. O heaven!—How got she out?—O treason of
 the blood!—

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
 By what you see them act.—Are there not charms,
 By which the property of youth and maidhood
 May be abus'd? have you not read, *Roderigo*,
 Of some such thing?

ROD. Yes, sir; I have, indeed. [her!—

BRA. Call up my brother.—O, would you had had
 Some one way, some another.—Do you know
 Where we may apprehend her and the *Moor*?

ROD. I think, I can discover him; if you please
 To get good guard, and go along with me.

BRA. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call,
 I may command at most:—Get weapons, ho!
 And raise some special officers of might.—

On, good *Roderigo*; I'll deserve your pains. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. The same. Another Street.

Enter OTHELLO; IAGO, and Others, with him.

IAG. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
 Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience,

To do no contriv'd murther; I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me service: Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.

OTH. 'Tis better as it is.

IAG. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,
Are you fast marry'd? Be assur'd of this,—
That the magnifico is much belov'd;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint, or grievance,
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will give him cable.

OTH. Let him do his spite:

My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege; and my demerits
May speak, and bonnetted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd: For know, *Iago*,
But that I love the gentle *Desdemona*,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yond?

*Enter, at a Distance, CASSIO, and certain Officers,
with Torches.*

IAG. Those are the raised father, and his friends:
You were best go in.

OTH. Not I: I must be found;
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

IAG. By *Janus*, I think no.

OTH. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.—
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

CAS. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste, post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

OTH. What is the matter, think you?

CAS. Something from *Cyprus*, as I may divine;
It is a business of some heat: the gallies
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night, at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls, rais'd, and met,
Are at the duke's already: You have been hotly call'd for;
When being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests,
To search you out.

OTH. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you.

[*Exit.*

CAS. Ancient, what makes he here?

IAG. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land-carrack;
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

CAS. I do not understand.

IAG. He's marry'd.

CAS. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

IAG. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

OTH. Have with you.

CAS. Here comes another troop to seek for you:

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Others,
with Lights, and Weapons.*

IAG. It is *Brabantio*:—general, be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.

OTH. Hola! stand there!

ROD. Signior, it is the *Moor*.

BRA. Down with him, thief.

[Brabantio, and his Party, set upon the Others.]

IAG. You, *Roderigo*! come, sir, I am for you.

OTH. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will
rust them.—

Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons. [daughter?

BRA. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magick were not bound,
Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy;
So opposite to marriage, that she shun'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,—
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight.
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
That weaken notion: I'll have't disputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited, and out of warrant:—

Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

OTH. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?

BRA. To prison; 'till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

OTH. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfy'd;
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him?

I. O. 'Tis true, most worthy signior,
The duke's in council; and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

BRA. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night!—Bring him away:
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own:
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves, and pagans, shall our statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Council-chamber.*
The Duke discover'd sitting at a Table, Senators about him;
Officers of the Council, and Others,
at a Distance.

Duk. There is no composition in these news,

That gives them credit.

1. *S.* Indeed, they are disproportion'd :
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.

Duk. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2. *S.* And mine, two hundred :

But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirm
A *Turkish* fleet, and bearing up to *Cyprus*.

Duk. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment ;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sai. [*within.*] What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter an Officer, bringing in a Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the gallies.

Duk. Now? the business?

Sai. The *Turkish* preparation makes for *Rhodes*;
So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior *Angelo*. [*they withdraw.*]

Duk. How say you by this change?

1. *S.* This cannot be,
By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze: When we consider
The importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turk*;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the *Turk* than *Rhodes*,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That *Rhodes* is dress'd in,—if we make thought of this,
We must not think, the *Turk* is so unskilful,

To leave that latest, which concerns him first;
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.

Duk. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for *Rhodes*.

Enter a Messenger, usher'd.

Off. Here is more news.

Mef. The *Ottomites*, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of *Rhodes*,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

i. S. Ay, so I thought:—How many, as you guess?

Mef. Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward *Cyprus*. Signior *Montano*,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With this free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him. {retiring.

Duk. 'Tis certain then for *Cyprus*.

Marcus Lucchese, is not he in town?

i. S. He's now in *Florence*.

Duk. Write from us; with him post,
Post-haste: dispatch.

i. S. Here comes *Brabantio*, and the valiant *Moor*.

*Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO,
RODERIGO, and Others.*

Duk. Valiant *Othello*, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy *Ottoman*.—

I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

BRA. So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief

Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duk. Why, what's the matter?

BRA. My daughter! o, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

BRA. Ay, to me;

She is abus'd, stoln' from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:
For nature so prepost'rously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not hit.

Duk. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

BRA. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this *Moor*; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Sen. We are very sorry for't.

Duk. What, in your own part, can you say to this?

BRA. Nothing, but this is so.

OTH. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have marry'd her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace:

For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
 'Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
 Their dearest action in the tented field;
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More then pertains to feats of broil and battle;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious patience,
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty magick,
 (For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)
 I won his daughter with.

BRA. A maiden never bold;
 Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
 Blush'd at herself; And she,—in spight of nature,
 Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
 To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?
 It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
 That will confess—perfection so could err,
 Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
 To find out practises of cunning hell,
 Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
 That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
 Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
 He wrought upon her.

Duk. To vouch this, is no proof;
 Without more certain and more overt test,
 Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
 Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

I. S. But, *Othello*, speak;—
 Did you by indirect and forced courses
 Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?

Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth.

OTH. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the sagittar,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duk. Fetch *Desdemona* hither. [to some Attendants.

OTH. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the
place.— [Exeunt Attendants, and IAGO.

And, 'till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duk. Say it, *Othello*.

OTH. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd:
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bad me tell it.
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast, and desarts idle, [ven,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch hea-

It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
 And of the *Canibals* that each other eat,
 The *Anthropophagi*, and men whose heads
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear,
 Would *Desdemona* seriously incline:
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse: Which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not distinctively: I did consent;
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
 She swore,—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
 She wish'd, she had not heard it; yet she wish'd,
 That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me;
 And bad me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
 And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

*Enter DESDEMONA, attended; IAGO,
 and the Others, following.*

Duk. I think, this tale would win my daughter too.—

Good *Brabantio*,

Take up this mangl'd matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

BRA. I pray you, hear her speak;
If she confess, that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress;
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience.

DES. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life, and education;
My life, and education, both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter: But here's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother shew'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the *Moor* my lord.

BRA. God be wi' you; I have done:—
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
Come hither, *Moor*;
I here do give † thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee:—And, for your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duk. Let me speak like yourself; and lay a sentence,
Which, like a grise, or step, may help these lovers

Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.

The rob'd, that smiles, steals something from the thief;
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

BRA. So let the *Turk* of *Cyprus* us beguile;
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.

He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears:

But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.

These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:

But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruise'd heart was pieced through the ear.

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

[*goes to his Seat.*]

Duk. The *Turk* with a most mighty preparation makes
for *Cyprus*: — *Othello*, the fortitude of the place is best
known to you: And though we have there a substitute
of most allow'd sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mi-
stress of effects, throws a more safe voice on you: you
must therefore be content, to stubber the gloss of your
new fortunes with this more stubborn and boistrous ex-
pedition.

OTH. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driv'n bed of down: I do agnize

A natural and prompt alacrity,
 I find in hardness; and do undertake
 This present war against the *Ottomites*.
 Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
 I crave fit disposition for my wife;
 Due reference of place, and exhibition;
 With such accommodation, and besort,
 As levels with her breeding.

Duk. If you please,
 Be't at her father's.

BRA. I'll not have it so.

OTH. Nor I.

DES. Nor I; I would not there reside,
 To put my father in impatient thoughts,
 By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
 To my unfolding lend a gracious ear;
 And let me find a charter in your voice,
 To assist my simpleness.

Duk. What would you, *Desdemona*?

DES. That I did love the *Moor* to live with him,
 My down-right violence and storm of fortunes,
 May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdu'd
 Even to the very quality of my lord:
 I saw *Othello's* visage in his mind;
 And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
 Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
 So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
 A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
 The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,
 And I a heavy interim shall support
 By his dear absence: Let me go with him.

OTH. Your voices, lords; beseech you, let her will

Have a free way. I therefore beg it not,
 To please the palate of my appetite;
 Nor to comply with heat, (the young affects
 In me defunct) and proper satisfaction;
 But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
 And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
 I will your serious and great business scant,
 For she is with me; No, when light-wing'd toys
 Of feather'd *Cupid*, feel with wanton dulness
 My speculative and offic'd instrument,
 That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
 Let huswives make a skillet of my helm,
 And all indign and base adversities
 Make head against my estimation!

Duk. Be it as you shall privately determine,
 Either for her stay, or going: the affair cries—haste,
 And speed must answer it; you must hence to-night.

DES. To-night, my lord?

Duk. This night.

OTH. With all my heart.

Duk. At nine i'the morning here we'll meet again.—
 [*to the Senators, rising.*]

Othello, leave some officer behind,
 And he shall our commission bring to you;
 And such things else of quality and respect,
 As doth import you.

OTH. Please your grace, my ancient;
 A man he is of honesty, and trust:
 To his conveyance I assign my wife,
 With what else needful your good grace shall think
 To be sent after me.

Duk. Let it be so.—

Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,
[to Brabantio.

If virtue no delighting beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

I. S. Adieu, brave *Moor*! use *Desdemona* well.

BRA. Look to her, *Moor*, if thou hast eyes to see;
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt* Duke, Sen. BRA. &c.

OTH. My life upon her faith.—Honest *Iago*,
My *Desdemona* must I leave to thee:
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.—
Come, *Desdemona*; I have but an hour,
Of love, of worldly matter and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt* OTH. and DES.

ROD. *Iago*,—

LAG. What say'st thou, noble heart?

ROD. What will I do, think'st thou?

LAG. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

ROD. I will incontinently drown myself.

LAG. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after.
Why, thou silly gentleman!

ROD. It is filliness to live, when to live is a torment:
and then have we a prescription to die, when death is
our physician.

LAG. O villanous! I have look'd upon the world for
four times seven years: and since I could distinguish be-
twixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that
knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would
drown myself for the love of a *Guinea* hen, I would change
my humanity with a baboon.

ROD. What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

IAG. Virtue? A fig! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which, our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either have it steril with idleness, or manur'd with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the beam of our lives had not one scale of reason, to poize another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: But we have reason, to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect, or scyon.

ROD. It cannot be.

IAG. It is meerly a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thyself? drown cats, and blind puppies. I have profess'd me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better steed thee than now. Put money in thy purse: follow these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurp'd beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that *Desdemona* should long continue her love unto the *Moor*,—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration; put but money in thy purse. These *Moors* are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She

to braine of

must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice; therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring *Barbarian* and a super-subtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

ROD. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

IAG. Thou art sure of me;—Go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the *Moor*: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

ROD. Where shall we meet i' th' morning?

IAG. At my lodging.

ROD. I'll be with thee betimes.

IAG. Go to, farewell.

ROD. I'll sell all my land.

[Exit.

IAG. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should prophane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport, and profit. I hate the *Moor*;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets

He has done my office: I know not, if't be true;
 But I, for meer suspicion in that kind,
 Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well;
 The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now;
 To get his place, and to plume up my will
 In double knavery,—How, how?—Let's see:
 After some time, to abuse *Othello's* ear,
 That he is too familiar with his wife:—
 He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
 To be suspected; fram'd to make women false:
 The *Moor* is of a free and open nature,
 That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so;
 And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
 As asses are.
 I have't; it is engender'd: Hell and night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.
 [Exit.

 ACT II.

 SCENE I. *The Capital of Cyprus. A Plat-form.*

Enter MONTANO, and two Gentlemen.

MON. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

 I. G. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
 I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
 Descry a fail.

 MON. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
 A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
 If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
 What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,

Can hold the mortice? What shall we hear of this?

2. G. A segregation of the *Turkish* fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous main,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.

MON. If that the *Turkish* fleet
Be not inhelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3. G. News, lads! our wars are done;
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the *Turks*,
That their designment halts: A noble ship of *Venice*
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

MON. How! is this true?

3. G. The ship is here put in,
A *Veronese*; *Michael Cassio*,
Lieutenant to the warlike *Moor*, *Othello*,
Is come on shore: the *Moor* himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for *Cyprus*.

MON. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

3. G. But this same *Cassio*,—though he speak of comfort,

Touching the *Turkish* loss,—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the *Moor* be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

MON. Pray heaven he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands

Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho!
 As well to see the vessel that's come in,
 As to throw out our eyes for brave *Othello*;
 Even 'till we make the main, and th' aerial blue,
 An indistinct regard.

3. G. Come, let's do so;
 For every minute is expectancy
 Of more arrivance.

[going.]

*Enter CASSIO: the Others run
 and salute him.*

CAS. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
 That so approve the *Moor*; O, let the heavens
 Give him defence against the elements,
 For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

MON. Is he well ship'd?

CAS. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
 Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
 Therefore my hopes, not forfeited to death,
 Stand in bold cure.

Enter another Gentleman.

4. G. A fail! a fail! a fail!

CAS. What news?

4. G. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
 Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a fail.

CAS. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

[Guns heard.]

2. G. They do discharge their shot of courtesy;
 Our friends, at least.

CAS. I pray you, sir, go forth,
 And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

2. G. I shall.

[Exit.]

MON. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

CAS. Most fortunately: he hath atchiev'd a maid,
That paragon's description, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And, in the essential vesture of creation,
Does tire the inventer.—Now? who has put in?

Re-enter second Gentleman.

2. G. 'Tis one *Iago*, ancient to the general.

CAS. He has had most fav'able and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The guttur'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd, to enclog the guiltless keel,—
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting safe go by
The divine *Desdemona*.

MON. What is she?

CAS. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A fe'n-night's speed.—Great *Jove*, *Othello* guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath;
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in *Desdemona's* arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all *Cyprus* comfort!—O, behold,

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA,

*IAGO, RODERIGO, and Others; Attendants,
and People following.*

The riches of the ship is come on shore!—
You men of *Cyprus*, let her have your knees:—
Hail to thee, lady; and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

5 Ingeniver 13 go safely by

DES. I thank you, valiant *Cassio*.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

CAS. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught,
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

DES. O, but I fear;—How lost you company?

CAS. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: But, hark! a sail.

[*Cry within, of—A sail! a sail! afterwards, Guns.*]

2. G. They give their greeting to the citadel;
This likewise is a friend.

CAS. See for the news.— [Exit Gentleman.
Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome, mistress:—
[to Emilia.

Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding,
That gives me this bold shew of courtesy. [*saluting her.*

LAG. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

DES. Alas, she has no speech.

LAG. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

EMI. You have little cause to say so.

LAG. Come on, come on; you are pictures out o'doors,
Bells in your parlors, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your huswifry, and huswives in your beds.

DES. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

LAG. Nay, it is true, or else I am a *Turk*;

You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

EMI. You shall not write my praise.

IAG. No, let me not.

[praise me?

DES. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst

IAG. O gentle lady, do not put me to't;

For I am nothing, if not critical.

DES. Come on, assay: There's one gone to the harbour?

IAG. Ay, madam.

DES. I am not merry; but I do beguile

The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—

Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

IAG. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as bird-lime does from freeze,
It plucks out brains and all: But my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair, and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

DES. Well prais'd: How if she be black and witty?

IAG. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

DES. Worse and worse.

EMI. How, if fair and foolish?

IAG. She never yet was foolish, that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

DES. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools
laugh i' the ale-house. What miserable praise hast thou
for her that's foul and foolish?

IAG. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

DES. O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the worst
best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserv-
ing woman indeed? one, that, in the authority of her

merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

IAG. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said—Now I may;
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—

DES. To do what?

IAG. To fuddle fools, and chronicle small beer.

DES. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, *Emilia*, though he be thy husband.—How say you, *Cassio*? is he not a most prophane and liberal censurer?

CAS. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

[they converse apart.]

IAG. “He takes her by the palm: *[observing them.]*”
“Ay, well said, whisper; with as little a web as this,”
“will I ensnare as great a fly as *Cassio*. Ay, smile upon”
“her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship.”
“You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these”
“strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better”
“you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which”
“now again you are most apt to play the fir in. Very”
“good; well kiss'd, and excellent courtesy: 'tis so, in—”
“deed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would,”

"they were clyfter-pipes for your fake!"—

[*Trumpet heard.*]

The *Moor*,—I know his trumpet.

CAS. 'Tis truly so.

DES. Let's meet him, and receive him.

CAS. Lo, where he comes.

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

OTH. O my fair warrior!

DES. My dear *Othello*! [*embracing.*]

OTH. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow 'till they have waken'd death!
And let the lab'ring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus high; and duck again as low,
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

DES. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should encrease,
Even as our days do grow!

OTH. Amen to that, sweet powers!—
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, [*kissing*] the greatest discords be,
'That e'er our hearts shall make!

IAG. "O, you are well-tun'd now!"
"But I'll let down the pegs that make this musick,"
"As honest as I am."

OTH. Come, let's to the castle.—

News, friends; our wars are done, the *Turks* are drown'd.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?—

[to Montano.]

Honey, you shall be well desir'd in *Cyprus*,
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I doat
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good *Iago*,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, *Desdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*.

[*Exeunt* OTH. DES. EMI. MON. GEN. and ATT.]

LAG. Do you meet me presently at the harbour. Come
hither; [*calling him back.*] If thou be'st valiant,—as (they
say) base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their
natures more than is native to them,—list me. The lieu-
tenant to-night watches on the court of guard:—First,
I must tell thee this,—*Desdemona* is directly in love with
him.

ROD. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

LAG. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be in-
structed. Mark me with what violence she first lov'd the
Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies:
To love him still for prating! let not thy discreet heart
think it. Her eye must be fed; And what delight shall
she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made
dull with the act of sport, there should be,—again to
enflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—loveli-
ness in favour; sympathy in years, manners, and beau-
ties; all which the *Moor* is defective in: Now, for want
of these requir'd conveniences, her delicate tenderness

will find itself abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrel-
ish and abhor the *Moor*; very nature will instruct her in
it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this
granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforc'd position)
who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune,
as *Cassio* does? a knave very voluble; no further consci-
onable, than in putting on the meer form of civil and
humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt
and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none:
A slippery and subtle knave; a finder-out of occasions;
that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages,
though true advantage never present itself: A devilish
knave: besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath
all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds
look after: A pestilent compleat knave; and the woman
hath found him already.

ROD. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most
blest condition.

IAG. Blest fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of
grapes: if she had been blest, she would never have lov'd
the *Moor*; Blest pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle
with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

ROD. Yes; but that was but courtesy.

IAG. Letchery, by this hand; an index, and obscure
prologue, to the history of lust and foul thoughts: they
met so near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd
together. Villanous thoughts, *Roderigo*! when these mu-
tualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the
master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion:
Pish! But, sir, be you rul'd by me; I have brought you
from *Venice*. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll
lay't upon you: *Cassio* knows you not;—I'll not be far

from you;—do you find some occasion to anger *Cassio*, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

ROD. Well.

IAG. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler; and, haply, may strike at you: Provoke him, that he may: for, even out of that, will I cause these of *Cyprus* to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of *Cassio*. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

ROD. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

IAG. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewel.

ROD. Adieu.

[Exit.]

IAG. That *Cassio* loves her, I do well believe't;
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit:
The *Moor*—howbeit that I endure him not,—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to *Desdemona*
A most dear husband. Now I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure,
I stand accountant for as great a sin)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty *Moor*
Hath lept into my seat: the thought whereof
Doth, like a pois'nous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul,

'Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;
 Or, failing so, yet that I put the *Moor*
 At least into a jealousy so strong
 That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
 If this poor trash of *Venice*, whom I trace
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
 I'll have our *Michael Cassio* on the hip;
 Abuse him to the *Moor* in the rank garb,—
 For I fear *Cassio* with my night-cap too;
 Make the *Moor* thank me, love me, and reward me,
 For making him egregiously an ass,
 And practising upon his peace and quiet
 Even to madness. 'Tis † here, but yet confus'd;
 Knavery's plain face is never seen, 'till us'd. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The same. A Street;*
People moving in it. Trumpets. Enter a Herald,
attended.

Her. It is *Othello's* pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the meer perdition of the *Turkish* fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials: So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, 'till the bell hath told eleven. Bless the isle of *Cyprus*, and our noble general *Othello*!

[Shouts, and Exit.

SCENE III. *The same. Hall of the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, CASSIO, Desdemona,
and Attendants.

OTH. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let's teach ourselves that honourable itop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

CAS. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

OTH. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: To-morrow, with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love;
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
Good night. *[Exeunt* OTH. Des. and Att.

Enter IAGO.

CAS. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

IAG. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock: Our general cast us thus early, for the love of his *Desdemona*: whom let us not therefore blame, he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for *Jove*.

CAS. She's a most exquisite lady.

IAG. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

CAS. Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

IAG. What an eye she has! methinks, it sounds a parley of provocation.

CAS. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right modest.

IAG. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

CAS. She is, indeed, perfection.

IAG. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieute-

nant, I have a sloop of wine; and here without are a brace of *Cyprus*' gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of black *Othello*.

Cas. Not to-night, good *Iago*; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well with courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

IAG. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualify'd too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

IAG. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

IAG. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [Exit.

IAG. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
 With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
 He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
 As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, *Roderigo*,
 Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
 To *Desdemona* hath to-night carous'd
 Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch:
 Three else of *Cyprus*, — noble swelling spirits,
 That hold their honours in a wary distance,
 The very elements of this warlike isle, —
 Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups, [ards,
 And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunk-
 Am I to put our *Cassio* in some action
 That may offend the isle; — But here they come:
Re-enter CASSIO; MONTANO, and Others, with him.

If consequence do but approve my deem,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

[meeting them.]

CAS. 'Fore God, they have given me a rouze already.

MON. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint,
As I'm a soldier.

IAG. Some wine, ho!—

[sings.]

And let me the canakin clink, clink, clink;

and let me the canakin clink:

a soldier's a man;

a life's but a span;

why then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

[Wine brought in.]

CAS. 'Fore God, an excellent song.

IAG. I learn'd it in *England*, where (indeed) they are
most potent in potting: your *Dane*, your *German*, and
your swag-belly'd *Hollander*,—Drink, ho!—are nothing
to your *Englisch*. [drinks, and puts it about.]

CAS. Is your *Englischman* so expert in his drinking?

IAG. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your *Dane*
dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your *Almain*; he
gives your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next pottle can be
fill'd.

CAS. To the health of our general.

[fills.]

MON. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

[filling too; and they drink.]

IAG. O sweet *England*!

[sings.]

I.

*King Stephen was a worthy peer,
his breeches cost him but a crown;
he held them six-pence all too dear,
with that he call'd the taylor—lown.*

I dreame

2.

*He was a wight of high renown,
and thou art but of low degree:
'tis pride that pulls the country down,
then take thine auld cloke about thee.*

Some wine, ho!

[ther.

CAS. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the o-

IAG. Will you hear't again?

CAS. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well, God's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

IAG. It's true, good lieutenant.

CAS. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

IAG. And so do I too, lieutenant.

CAS. Ay, but (by your leave) not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left hand: I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

all. Excellent well.

CAS. Why, very well then: you must not think then that I am drunk.

[Exit.

MON. To the plat-form, masters; come, let's set the watch.

IAG. You see this fellow, that is gone before;—
He is a soldier, fit to stand by *Cæsar*
And give direction; and do but see his vice;

'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear, the trust *Othello* puts in him,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

MON. But is he often thus?

LAG. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the horologue a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

MON. It were well,
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in *Cassio*,
And looks not on his evils; Is not this true?

Roderigo shows himself.

LAG. "How now, *Roderigo*?"

"I pray you, after the lieutenant; go."

[pushing him out.]

MON. And 'tis great pity, that the noble *Moor*
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action, to say so
Unto the *Moor*.

LAG. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love *Cassio* well; and would do much,
To cure him of this evil. But, hark! what noise?

*Cry, within,—Help, help!—Re-enter CASSIO,
driving in RODERIGO.*

CAS. You rogue! you rascal!

MON. What's the matter, lieutenant?

CAS. A knave,—teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a wicker bottle.

3 him in

ROD. Beat me!

CAS. Dost thou prate, rogue?

[beats Roderigo.

MON. Nay, good lieutenant;

[slaying him.

I pray you, fir, hold your hand.

CAS. Let me go, fir,

Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

MON. Come, come, you're drunk.

CAS. Drunk? [draws upon Mon. and they fight.

IAG. "Away, I say! go out, and cry—a mutiny."

[to Roderigo, who goes out.

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—

Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—fir,—Montano,—fir;—

Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed!—

[Bell rung.

Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!

The town will rise:—God's-will, lieutenant, hold;

You will be sham'd for ever.

[taking him off.

Enter OTHELLO, and Gentlemen, with Weapons.

OTH. What is the matter here?

MON. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death;—he dies.

[assailing Cassio again.

OTH. Hold, for your lives.

[tlemen,—

IAG. Hold, ho!—Lieutenant,—fir,—Montano,—gen-

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!

OTH. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd *Turks*; and to ourselves do that,

Which heaven hath forbid the *Ottomites*?

For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,

Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—

[they are parted.

Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle
From her propriety. — What is the matter, masters? —
Honest *Iago*, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

IAG. I do not know; friends all but now, even now,
In quarter and in terms like bride and groom
Divesting them to bed: and then, but now, —
As if some planet had unwitting men, —
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And 'would in action glorious I had lost
These legs, that brought me to a part of it.

OTH. How comes it, *Michael*, you are thus forgot?

CAS. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

OTH. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure; What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to't.

MON. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, *Iago*, can inform you —
While I spare speech, which something now offends me, —
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught,
By me that's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity be sometime a vice;
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

OTH. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my faster guides to rule;

3 looks

T 3

And passion, having my best judgment quell'd,
 Affays to lead the way: if I once stir,
 Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
 Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
 How this foul rout began, who set it on;
 And he that is approv'd in this offence,
 Though he had twin'd with me, both at a birth,
 Shall loosen me. What! in a town of war,
 Yet wild, the people's hearts brimfull of fear,
 To manage private and domestick quarrel,
 In night, and on the court of guard and safety!
 'Tis monstrous. — *Iago*, who began't?

MON. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
 Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
 Thou art no soldier.

IAG. Touch me not so near:
 I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
 Than it should do offence to *Michael Cassio*;
 Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
 Shall nothing wrong him. — Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
 There comes a fellow, crying out for help;
 And *Cassio* following him with determin'd sword,
 To execute upon him: Sir, this † gentleman
 Steps in to *Cassio*, and entreats his pause;
 Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
 Lest, by his clamour, (as it so fell out)
 The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
 Out-ran my purpose; and I return'd the rather
 For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
 And *Cassio* high in oath, which, 'till to-night,
 I ne'er might say before: When I came back,

† could ‡ lost † and guard of ‡ league

(For this was brief) I found them close together,
 At blow, and thrust; even as again they were,
 When you yourself did part them.
 More of this matter can I not report:—
 But men are men; the best sometimes forget:
 Though *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,—
 As men in rage strike those that with them best,—
 Yet, surely, *Cassio*, I believe, receiv'd,
 From him that fled, some strange indignity,
 Which patience could not pass.

OTH. I know, *Iago*,
 Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
 Making it light to *Cassio*:—*Cassio*, I love thee;
 But never more be officer of mine.—

Enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up;—
 I'll make thee an example.

DES. What is the matter, dear?

OTH. All's well now, sweeting:
 Come, let's away to bed.—Sir, [*to Mon.*] for your hurts,
 Myself will be your surgeon:—lead him off.—

[*Exeunt Some with MONTANO.*]

Iago, look with care about the town;
 And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—
 Come, *Desdemona*; 'tis the soldiers' life,
 'To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exit; with DES. Gen. &c.*]

IAG. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

CAS. Ay, past all surgery.

IAG. Marry, heaven forbid!

CAS. Reputation, reputation, I have lost my reputa-
 tion; I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what

remains is bestial.—My reputation, *Iago*, my reputation.

IAG. As I am an honest man, I thought you had receiv'd some bodily wound; there is more sence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: You are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he's yours.

CAS. I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrat? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil.

IAG. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? What had he done to you?

CAS. I know not.

IAG. Is't possible?

CAS. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

IAG. Why, but you are now well enough; How came you thus recover'd?

CAS. It hath pleas'd the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

IAG. Come, you are too severe a moraler: As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befall'n; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

CAS. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard: had I as many mouths as *Hydra*, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredient is a devil.

IAG. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you:

CAS. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

IAG. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do: Our general's wife is now the general;—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement, of her parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to her, importune her help to put you in your place again; she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested: This broken joint, between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

CAS. You advise me well.

IAG. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

CAS. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous *Desdemona* to undertake for

me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

IAG. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

CAS. Good night, honest *Iago*. [Exit *CASSIO*.]

IAG. And what's he then, that says—I play the villain?

When this advice is free I give, and honest,
 Probable to thinking, and (indeed) the course
 To win the *Moor* again? For 'tis most easy,
 The inclining *Desdemona* to subdue
 In any honest suit; she's fram'd as fruitful
 As the free elements: And then for her
 To win the *Moor*,—were't to renounce his baptism,
 All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—
 His soul is so enfetters'd to her love,
 That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
 Even as her appetite shall play the god
 With his weak function. How am I then a villain,
 To counsel *Cassio* to this parallel course,
 Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
 When devils will the blackest sins put on,
 They do suggest at first with heavenly shews,
 As I do now: For, while this honest fool
 Plies *Desdemona* to repair his fortunes,
 And she for him pleads strongly to the *Moor*,
 I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
 That she repeals him for her body's lust;
 And, by how much she strives to do him good,
 She shall undo her credit with the *Moor*.
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
 And out of her own goodness make the net,

That shall enmesh them all.—How now, *Roderigo*?

Enter RODERIGO.

ROD. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgel'd; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains: and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to *Venice*.

IAG. How poor are they, that have not patience!—What wound did ever heal, but by degrees? Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft; And wit depends on dilatory time. Does't not go well? *Cassio* hath beaten thee, And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd *Cassio*: Though other things grow fair against the sun, Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe: Content thyself a while.—By th' mass, 'tis morning; Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.—Retire thee, go where thou art billeted: Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter: Nay, get thee gone.— [*Exit RODERIGO.*]

Two things are to be done,—

My wife must move for *Cassio* to her mistress, I'll set her on; Myself, the while, to draw the *Moor* apart, And bring him jump when he may *Cassio* find Soliciting his wife: Ay, that's the way; Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. Before the Castle.*

25 myselfe, a while,

Enter CASSIO, and some Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief; and bid—good morrow, general.
[Musick.]

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been at
Naples, that they play i' th' nose thus?

I. M. How, fir, how!

Clo. Are these, I pray you, wind instruments?

I. M. Ay, marry, are they, fir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tale.

I. M. Whereby hangs a tale, fir?

Clo. Marry, fir, by many a wind instrument that I
know. But, masters, here's † money for you: and the ge-
neral so likes your musick, that he desires you, for love's
sake, to make no more noise with it.

I. M. Well, fir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any musick that may not be heard,
to't again: but, as they say, to hear musick, the general
does not greatly care.

I. M. We have none such, fir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll
away: Go; vanish into air; away. [Exeunt Musicians.]

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quilllets. There's a poor
piece of gold † for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends
the general's wife, be stirring, tell her, there's one *Cassio*
entreats her a little favour of speech: Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, fir; if she will stir hither, I shall
seem to notify unto her. [Exit.]

Enter IAGO.

CAS. Do, my good friend.—In happy time, *Iago*.

IAG. You have not been a-bed then?

CAS. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, *Iago*,
To send in to your wife: My suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous *Desdemona*
Procure me some access.

IAG. I'll send her to you presently:
And I'll devise a mean to draw the *Moor*
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free.

CAS. I humbly thank you for't.— [Exit *IAGO*.]
I never knew a man more kind, and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

EMI. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will soon be well.
The general, and his wife, are talking of it;
And she speaks for you stoutly: The *Moor* replies,
That he, you hurt, is of great fame in *Cyprus*,
And great affinity; and that, in wholesome wisdom,
He might not but refuse: but, he protests, he loves you;
And needs no other suitor, but his likings,
To take the fittest occasion by the front,
To bring you in again.

CAS. Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With *Desdemona* alone.

EMI. Pray you, come in;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

CAS. I am much bound to you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the same.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and some Gentlemen.

OTH. These letters \dagger give, *Iago*, to the pilot;
And, by him, do my duties to the state:
That done, I will be walking on the works,
Repair there to me.

IAG. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

OTH. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't?

Gen. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Before the Castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

DES. Be thou assur'd, good *Cassio*, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

EMI. Good madam, do; I warr'nt, it grieves my husband,

As if the case were his.

DES. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, *Cassio*,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

CAS. ~~Most~~ bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of *Michael Cassio*,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

DES. O, sir, I thank you: You do love my lord;
You have known him long; and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off,
Than in a politick distance.

CAS. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and wat'rish diet,

Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My general will forget my love and service.

DES. Do not doubt that; before *Emilia* here,
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest,
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With *Cassio's* suit: Therefore be merry, *Cassio*;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO, at a Distance;

IAGO with him.

EMI. Madam, here comes my lord.

CAS. Madam, I'll take my leave.

DES. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

CAS. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

DES. Well, well,

Do your discretion.

[Exit CASSIO.]

IAG. Ha! I like not that.

OTH. What dost thou say?

IAG. Nothing, my lord: Or if—I know not what.

OTH. Was not that *Cassio*, parted from my wife?

IAG. *Cassio*, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

OTH. I do believe, 'twas he.

DES. How now, my lord? *[going towards him.]*
I have been talking with a suitor here,

A man that languishes in your displeasure.

OTH. Who is't, you mean?

DES. Why, your lieutenant *Cassio*. Good my lord;
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face:
I pr'ythee, call him back.

OTH. Went he hence now?

DES. Ay, sooth; so humbl'd,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him: Good love, call him back.

OTH. Not now, sweet *Desdemona*; some other time.

DES. But shall't be shortly?

OTH. The sooner, sweet, for you.

DES. Shall't be to-night at supper?

OTH. No, not to-night.

DES. To-morrow dinner then?

OTH. I shall not dine at home;

I meet the captains at the citadel.

DES. Why then, to-morrow night; or tuesday morn;
Or tuesday noon, or night; or we'nsday morn;—
I pray thee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: In faith, he's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that, they say, the war must make examples
Out of her best) is not almost a fault
To incur a private check: When shall he come?
Tell me, *Othello*. I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me, that I should deny.
Or stand so mamm'ring on. What! *Michael Cassio*,

That came a wooing with you ; and many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—

OTH. Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.

DES. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do peculiar profit
To your own person: Nay, when I have a suit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

OTH. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,—
To leave me but a little to myself.

DES. Shall I deny you? no: Farewel, my lord.

OTH. Farewel, my *Desdemona*: I will come to thee
straight.

DES. *Emilia*, come: — Be it as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [Exit, with EMILIA.]

OTH. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

LAG. My noble lord,—

OTH. What dost thou say, *Iago*?

LAG. Did *Michael Cassio*, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

OTH. He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask?

LAG. But for a satisfaction of my thought,

1 and so many 10 do a peculiar

No further harm.

OTH. Why of thy thought, *Iago*?

IAG. I did not think, he had been acquainted with it.

OTH. O, yes; and went between us very oft.

IAG. Indeed?

OTH. Indeed? ay, indeed; Discern'st thou aught in that?

Is he not honest?

IAG. Honest, my lord?

OTH. Honest? ay, honest.

IAG. My lord, for aught I know.

OTH. What dost thou think?

IAG. Think, my lord?

OTH. Think, my lord?—By heaven, he ecchoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought,
Too hideous to be shewn.—Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'st not that,
When *Cassio* left my wife; What didst not like?
And, when I told thee,—he was of my counsel,
In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, *Indeed?*
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me,
Shew me thy thought.

IAG. My lord, you know I love you.

OTH. I think, thou dost;

And,—for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,—
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
They are close denotements, working from the heart,

That passion cannot rule.

IAG. For *Michael Cassio*,—

I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

OTH. I think so too.

IAG. Men should be what they seem;

Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none.

OTH. Certain, men should be what they seem.

IAG. Why then, I think *Cassio*'s an honest man.

OTH. Nay, yet there's more in this:

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

IAG. Good my lord, pardon me;

Though I am bound to every act of duty,

I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.

Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and false,—

As where's that palace, whereinto foul things

Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,

But some uncleanly apprehensions

Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit

With meditations lawful?

OTH. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, *Iago*,

If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

IAG. I do beseech you,

Though I (perchance) am vicious in my guesses,

(As, I confess, it is my nature's plague,

To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy

Shapes faults that are not) that your wisdom yet,

From one that so imperfectly conceits,

Would take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble

Out of his scattering and unsure observance:—

It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

OTH. What dost thou mean?

IAG. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls: [ng;
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothi-
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

OTH. I'll know thy thought.

IAG. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

OTH. Ha!

IAG. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth make
The meat it feeds on: That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, o, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves?

OTH. O misery!

IAG. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor: —
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

OTH. Why, why is this, *Jago*?
Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt,
Is — once to be resolv'd: Exchange me for a goat,

When I shall turn the business of my soul
 To such exufflicate and blown surmises,
 Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
 To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
 Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
 Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
 Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
 The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
 For she had eyes, and chose me: No, *Iago*;
 I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
 And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
 Away at once with love, or jealousy.

IAG. I am glad of this; for now I shall have reason,
 To shew the love and duty that I bear you
 With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
 Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.
 Look to your wife, observe her well with *Cassio*;
 Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure:
 I would not have your free and noble nature,
 Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to't:
 I know our country disposition well;
 In *Venice* they do let heaven see the pranks,
 They dare not shew their husbands; their best conscience
 Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

OTH. Dost thou say so?

IAG. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
 And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
 She lov'd them most.

OTH. And so she did.

IAG. Go to, then;
 She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
 To feel her father's eyes up, close as oak,—

He thought, 'twas witchcraft:—But I am much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

OTH. I am bound to thee for ever.

IAG. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

OTH. Not a jot, not a jot.

IAG. Trust me, I fear it has.

I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love:—But, I do see, you are mov'd;
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

OTH. I will not.

IAG. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. *Cassio's* my worthy friend:—
My lord, I see, you are mov'd.

OTH. No, not much mov'd:

I do not think, but *Desdemona's* honest.

IAG. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

OTH. And yet, how nature, erring from itself,—

IAG. Ay, there's the point: As,—to be bold with
you,—

Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may smell, in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.
But pardon me; I do not, in position,
Distinctly speak of her: though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,

And (hapily) repent.

OTH. Farewel, farewell :

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: Leave me, *Iago*.

LAG. My lord, I take my leave. [*as going*.

OTH. Why did I marry?—This honest creature, doubt-
less,

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

LAG. My lord, [*returns*.] I would, I might entreat your
honour

To scan this thing no farther; leave it to time.

And though 'tis fit that *Cassio* have his place,

(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability)

Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,

You shall by that perceive him and his means :

Note, if your lady strain his entertainment

With any strong or vehement importunity;

Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,

Let me be thought too busy in my fears,

(As worthy cause I have, to fear—I am)

And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

OTH. Fear not my government.

LAG. I once more take my leave.

[*Exit*.

OTH. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;
And have not those soft parts of conversation,
That chamberers have: Or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much.

She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
 Must be—to loath her. O curse of marriage,
 That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
 And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
 And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love
 For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
 Prerogativ'd are they less than the base:
 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;
 Even then this forked plague is fated to us,
 When we do quicken. *Desdemona comes:*

Enter DESDEMONA, and EMILIA.

If she be false, o, then heaven mocks itself!
 I'll not believe't.

DES. How now, my dear *Othello*?
 Your dinner, and the generous islanders
 By you invited, do attend your presence.

OTH. I am to blame.

DES. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?

OTH. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

DES. Why, that's with watching; 'twill away again:
 Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
 It will be well. *[goes to do it with a Handkerchief.*

OTH. Your napkin is too little;

[putting it from him, and it drops.

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

[Exeunt OTHELLO, and DESDEMONA.

EMI. I am glad, I have found this napkin;

[picking it up.

This was her first remembrance from the *Moor*:
 My wayward husband hath a hundred times
 Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,

(For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give't *Iago*:
What he will do with it, heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

IAG. How now! what do you here alone?

EMI. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

IAG. A thing for me?—it is a common thing:

EMI. Ha!

IAG. To have a foolish wife.

EMI. O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

IAG. What handkerchief?

EMI. What handkerchief?

Why, that the *Moor* first gave to *Desdemona*;

That which so often you did bid me steal.

IAG. Hast stole it from her?

EMI. No; but she let it drop by negligence;
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took't up:
Look, here † it is.

IAG. A good wench; give it me. [*snatching it.*

EMI. What will you do with't, that you have been
so earnest

To have me filch it?

IAG. Why, what's that to you?

EMI. If't be not for some purpose of import,
Give't me again: Poor lady! she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

IAG. Be not you known on't; I have use for it.
Go, leave me.

[*Exit EMILIA.*

I will in *Cassio's* lodging lose this napkin,
 And let him find it: Trifles, light as air,
 Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
 As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
 The *Moor* already changes with my poison:—
 Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons;
 Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;
 But, with a little act upon the blood,
 Burn like the mines of sulphur. I did say so:

Enter OTHELLO, at a Distance.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
 Nor all the drowzy fyrops of the world,
 Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep
 Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

OTH. Ha! false to me?

IAG. Why, how now, general? no more of that.

OTH. Avant! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:—
 I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
 Than but to know't a little.

IAG. How now, my lord?

OTH. What sense had I of her stoln hours of lust?
 I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
 I slept the next night well, was free, and merry;
 I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her lips:
 He that is rob'd, not wanting what is stoln,
 Let him not know't, and he's not rob'd at all.

IAG. I am sorry to hear this.

OTH. I had been happy, if the general camp,
 Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,
 So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,
 Farewel the tranquil mind! farewell content!
 Farewel the plumed troops; and the big war,

That makes ambition virtue! o, farewell!
Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And o you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal *Jove's* dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! *Othello's* occupation's gone!

IAG. Is't possible?—My lord,—

OTH. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
[*taking him by the Throat.*]

Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
Or, by the worth of my eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

IAG. Is't come to this?

OTH. Make me to see't; or (at the least) so prove it,
That the probation bear no hindge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!

IAG. My noble lord,—

OTH. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

IAG. O grace! o heaven defend me!—
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That lov'st to make thine honesty a vice!—
O monstrous world!—Take note, take note, o world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe.—

I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

OTH. Nay, stay:—Thou should'st be honest.

IAG. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

OTH. By the world,
I think my wife is honest, think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I'll have some proof: Her name, that was as fresh
As *Dian's* visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face,—If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure't.—'Would, I were satisfy'd!

IAG. I see, fir, you are eaten-up with passion;
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be satisfy'd?

OTH. Would? nay, I will.

IAG. And may; But, how? how satisfy'd, my lord?
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?

OTH. Death and damnation! Oh!

IAG. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that prospect: Damn 'em then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own! *What then? how then, say you?*
Where's satisfaction? What shall I say?
It is impossible, you should see this;
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkies,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk: But yet, I say,
If impotiation, and strong circumstances,—
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—

Will give you satisfaction, you may have't.

OTH. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

IAG. I do not like the office:

But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,—

Prick'd to't by foolish honesty, and love,—

I will go on. I lay with *Cassio* lately;

And, being troubl'd with a raging tooth,

I could not sleep. There are a kind of men

So loose of soul, that in their sleeps will mutter

Of their affairs: One of this kind is *Cassio*.

In sleep I heard him say,—*Sweet Desdemona,*

Let us be wary, let us hide our loves:

And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand;

Cry,—*O sweet creature!* and then kifs me hard,

As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,

That grew upon my lips: then lay'd his leg

Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then

Cry'd—*Curst fate, that gave thee to the Moor!*

OTH. O monstrous! monstrous!

IAG. Nay, this was but his dream.

OTH. But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion;

'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

IAG. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

OTH. I'll tear her all to pieces.

IAG. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done;

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—

Have you not sometime seen a handkerchief,

Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

OTH. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

IAG. I know not that: but such a handkerchief,
(I am sure, it was your wife's) did I to-day

See *Cassio* wipe his beard with.

OTH. If't be that,—

IAG. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.

OTH. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, *Iago*;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
'Tis † gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!
Yield up, o love, thy crown, and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspicks' tongues!

IAG. Pray, be content.

OTH. O, blood, *Iago*, blood! [nge.

IAG. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may cha-

OTH. Never, *Iago*: Like to the *Pontick* sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the *Propontick* and the *Hellepont*;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
'Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up. Now, by yond' marble heaven,

[kneeling.

In the due reverence of a sacred vow,
I here engage my words.

IAG. Do not rise yet.—

[kneels too.

Witness, you ever-burning lights above,—
You elements that clip us round about,
Witness, that here *Iago* doth give up
The execution of his wit, hand, heart,

To wrong'd *Othello's* service: let him command,
And to obey shall be in me no remorse,
What bloody business ever.

OTH. I greet thy love, [rising.]
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That *Cassio's* not alive.

LAG. My friend is dead; 'tis done, as you request:
But let her live.

OTH. Damn her, lewd minx, o, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

LAG. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. The same.

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

DES. Do you know, firrah, where lieutenant *Cassio*
lies?

Clō. I dare not say, he lies any where.

DES. Why, man?

Clō. He is a soldier; and for one to say a soldier lies,
is stabbing.

DES. Go to; Where lodges he?

Clō. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where
I lie.

DES. Can any thing be made of this?

Clō. I know not where he lodges; and for me to de-
vise a lodging, and say—he lies here, or he lies there,
were to lie in my own throat.

DES. Can you enquire him out, and be edify'd by

report?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and bid them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him, I have mov'd my lord in his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To do this, is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. *[Exit.]*

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, *Emilia*?

Emi. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse, Full of crusadoes: And, but my noble Moor Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness As jealous creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill-thinking.

Emi. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think, the fun, where he was born, Drew all such humours from him.

Emi. Look, where he comes.

Enter OTHELLO.

Des. I will not leave him now, *[lord?*
'Till *Cassio* be call'd to him. — How is't with you, my

OTH. Well, my good lady: — "O hardness to dissem-
How do you, *Desdemona*? *[ble!]*" —

Des. Well, my good lord.

OTH. Give me your hand: This hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

OTH. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart; —
Hot, hot, and moist: This hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,

3 and by them

That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one too.

DES. You may indeed say so;

For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

OTH. A liberal hand: The hands of old gave hearts;
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts. [ise.

DES. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your prom-

OTH. What promise, chuck?

DES. I have sent to bid *Cassio* come speak with you.

OTH. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

DES. Here, † my lord.

OTH. That which I gave you.

DES. I have it not about me.

OTH. Not?

DES. No, indeed, my lord.

OTH. That is a fault: That handkerchief
Did an *Egyptian* to my mother give:
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love; but, if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so: and take heed on't,
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose't, or give't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

DES. Is't possible?

OTH. 'Tis true; there's magick in the web of it:

s hearts of old gave hands

A fybil, that had number'd in the world
 The sun to course two hundred compasses,
 In her prophetick fury sow'd the work:
 The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the filk;
 And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful
 Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

DES. Indeed? is't true?

OTH. Most veritable; therefore look to't well.

DES. Then 'would to heaven, that I had never seen't!

OTH. Ha! wherefore?

DES. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

OTH. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out o' the way?

DES. Bless us!

OTH. Say you?

DES. It is not lost; But what an if it were?

OTH. Ha!

DES. I say, it is not lost.

OTH. Fetch't, let me see't.

DES. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now:
 This is a trick, to put me from my suit;
 I pray, let *Cassio* be receiv'd again.

OTH. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind misgives.

DES. Come, come;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man:

OTH. The handkerchief.

DES. A man that, all his time,
 Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
 Shar'd dangers with you:

OTH. The handkerchief.

DES. In sooth, you are to blame.

OTH. Away!

[Exit OTHELLO]

EMI. Is not this man jealous?

DES. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

EMI. 'Tis not a year or two shews us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and, when they are full,
They belch us. Look you! *Cassio*, and my husband.

Enter IAGO, and CASSIO.

IAG. There is no other way; 'tis she, must do't;
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.

DES. How now, good *Cassio*? what's the news with you?

CAS. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you,
That, by your virtuous means, I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd:
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I cloth me in a forc'd content,
And shoot myself upon some other course,
'To fortune's alms.

DES. Alas, thrice-gentle *Cassio*,
My advocacy is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctify'd,
As I have spoken for you all my best;
And stood within the blank of his displeasure,
For my free speech! You must a while be patient:

What I can do, I will; and more I will,
Than for myself I dare; let that suffice you.

IAG. Is my lord angry?

EMI. He went hence but now,
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

IAG. Can he be angry? I have seen, the cannon
When it hath blown his ranks into the air;
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—And can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

DES. I pr'ythee, do so.—[*Exit IAG.*] Something, sure,
of state,—

Either from *Venice*; or some unhatch'd practice,
Made démonstrable here in *Cyprus* to him,—
Hath puddl'd his clear spirit: and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object.
'Tis even so; for let our finger ach,
And it endues our other healthful members
Even to that sense of pain: Nay, we must think,
Men are not gods;
Nor of them look for such observancy
As fits the bridal.—Beshrew me much, *Emilia*,
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am)
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indited falsely.

EMI. Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you think;
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.

DES. Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.

EMI. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

DES. Heaven keep the monster from *Othello's* mind!

EMI. Lady, amen.

DES. I will go seek him.—*Cassio*, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost. [*EMI.*

CAS. I humbly thank your ladyship. [*Exeunt DES. and*

Enter BIANCA.

BIA. Save you, friend *Cassio*!

CAS. What make you from home?

How is it with you, my most fair *Bianca*?

Indeed, sweet love, I was coming to your lodging.

BIA. And I was going to your lodging, *Cassio*.

What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?

Eightscore eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,

More tedious than the dial eightscore times?

O weary reck'ning!

CAS. Pardon me, *Bianca*;

I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd:

But I shall, in a more convenient time,

Strike off this score of absence. Sweet *Bianca*, [*kerchief.*

Take me this work out. [*giving her Desdemona's Hand-*

BIA. O, *Cassio*, whence came this?

This is some token from a newer friend.

To the felt absence now I feel a cause:

Is't come to this? Well, well.

CAS. Woman, go to!

Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,

From whence you have 'em. You are jealous now,

That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:
No, in good troth, *Bianca*.

BIA. Why, whose is it?

CAS. I know not, neither; I found it in my chamber,
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
(As like enough, it will) I'd have it copy'd:
Take it, and do't; and leave me, for this time.

BIA. Leave you! wherefore?

CAS. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

BIA. Why, I pray you?

CAS. Not, that I love you not.

BIA. But that you do not love me.

I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night?

CAS. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.

BIA. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter OTHELLO, and IAGO, conversing.

IAG. Will you think so?

OTH. Think so, *Iago*?

IAG. What;

To kifs in private?

OTH. An unauthoriz'd kifs.

IAG. Or to be naked with her friend in bed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

OTH. Naked in bed, *Iago*, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

IAG. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

OTH. What then?

IAG. Why, then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

OTH. She is proprietress of her honour too;
May she give that?

IAG. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft, that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,—

OTH. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:—
Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infectious house,
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

IAG. Ay, what of that?

—*OTH.* That's not so good now. [long?]

IAG. What if I had said, I had seen him do you wrong
Or heard him say,—As knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinc'd, or suppl'd them, straight cannot choose
But they must blab:

OTH. Hath he said any thing?

IAG. He hath, my lord; but, be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.

OTH. What hath he said?

IAG. Why, that he did,—I know not what he did.

OTH. What? what?

IAG. Lye—

OTH. With her?

IAG. With her, on her; what you will.

OTH. Lye with her! lye on her!—We say, lie on her, when they bely her; Lye with her! that's fulsome. Handkerchief,—confessions—handkerchief. To confess, and be hang'd for his labour. First, to be hang'd, and then to confess; I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some induction. It is not words, that shakes me thus: Pish!—Noses, ears, and lips: Is't possible?—Confess,—Handkerchief,—O devil!

[falls, as in a Fit.

IAG. Work on, my med'cine, work!—Thus credulous fools are caught;

And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!

Enter CASSIO.

My lord, I say! *Othello!*—How now, *Cassio*?

CAS. What's the matter?

IAG. My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy;
This is his second fit, he had one yesterday.

CAS. Rub him about the temples.

IAG. No, forbear;

The lethargy must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you,—

[Exit CASSIO.

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

OTH. Dost mock me?

IAG. I mock you! no, by heaven; I mock you not.
'Would, you would bear your fortune like a man.

OTH. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

IAG. There's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

OTH. Did he confess it?

IAG. Good sir, be a man;
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you: there's millions now alive,
That nightly lye in those unproper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

OTH. O, thou art wise; that's certain.

IAG. Stand you a while apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your grief,
(A passion most unfitting such a man)
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And lay'd good 'scuse upon your extasy;
Bad him anon return, and here speak with me,
The which he promis'd: Do but encave yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gybes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife;
I say, but mark his gesture Marry, patience;
Or I shall say, you are all in all a spleen,
And nothing of a man.

OTH. Dost hear, *Iago*?

I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

LAG. That's not amiss;

But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[*Othello conceals himself.*]

Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca*,
A huswife, that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and cloaths: it is a creature,
That dotes on *Cassio*,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague,
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;—
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter:—Here he comes:—

Enter CASSIO, at a Distance.

As he shall smile, *Othello* shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor *Cassio*'s smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?

CAS. The worser, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.

LAG. Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are sure on't:
Now, if this suit lay in *Bianca*'s power, [*Speaking low.*]
How quickly should you speed?

CAS. Alas, poor caitiff!

OTH. "Look, how he laughs already!"

LAG. I never knew a woman love man so.

CAS. Alas, poor rogue! I think, indeed, she loves me.

OTH. "Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out."

LAG. Do you hear, *Cassio*?

OTH. "Now he importunes him"

"To tell it o'er: Go to; well said, well said."

LAG. She gives it out, that you shall marry her;

1 Do'st thou hear?

Do you intend it?

CAS. Ha, ha, ha!

OTH. "Do you triumph, *Roman*? do you triumph?"

CAS. I marry her? what, a customer! Pr'ythee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholsome. Ha, ha, ha!

OTH. "So, so, so, so: Laugh, that wins."

LAG. Why, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

CAS. Pr'ythee, say true.

LAG. I am a very villain else.

OTH. "Have you scor'd me? Well."

CAS. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded, I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

OTH. "*Iago* beckons me; now he begins the story."

CAS. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain *Venetians*; and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus † about my neck:

OTH. "Crying, O dear *Cassio*! as it were: his gift."
"ure imports it."

CAS. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!

OTH. "Now he tells, how she pluck'd him to my"
"chamber: O, I see that nose of yours, but not that"
"dog I shall throw it to."

CAS. Well, I must leave her company.

LAG. Before me! look, where she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

CAS. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfum'd one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

BIA. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did

you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work? — A likely piece of work; that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there. This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There, † give it your hobby horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

CAS. How now, my sweet *Bianca*? how now? how now?

OTH. "By heaven, that should be my handkerchief."

BIA. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may: an you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for.

[*Exit BIANCA.*]

IAG. After her, after her.

CAS. I must, she'll rail i' the street else.

IAG. Will you sup there?

CAS. Yes, I intend so.

IAG. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

CAS. Pr'ythee, come; Will you?

IAG. Go to; say no more. [*Exit CASSIO.*]

OTH. How shall I murder him, *Iago*?

[*coming hastily from his Concealment.*]

IAG. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?

OTH. O, *Iago*!

IAG. And did you see the handkerchief?

OTH. Was that mine?

IAG. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

OTH. I would have him nine years a killing. — A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

IAG. Nay, you must forget that.

OTH. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damn'd to-night; for she shall not live: No, my heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lye by an emperor's side, and command him talks.

IAG. Nay, that's not your way.

OTH. Hang her! I do but say what she is: So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—Of so high and pleasurable wit and invention!—

IAG. She's the worse for all this.

OTH. O, a thousand, a thousand times:—And then, of so gentle a condition!—

IAG. Ay, too gentle.

OTH. Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it, *Iago*! O, *Iago*, the pity of it, *Iago*!

IAG. If you be so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touches not you, it comes near nobody.

OTH. I will chop her into messes: Cuckold me!

IAG. O, 'tis foul in her.

OTH. With mine officer!

IAG. That's fouler.

OTH. Get me some poison, *Iago*; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again:—this night, *Iago*.

IAG. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

OTH. Good, good; the justice of it pleases; very good.

IAG. And, for *Cassio*,—let me be his undertaker: You shall hear more by midnight. [Trumpet heard.]

OTH. Excellent good. What trumpet is that same?

IAG. Something from *Venice*, sure. 'Tis *Lodovico*,
Enter LODOVICO, and Attendants; DESDEMONA,
and Others, with him.

Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

LOD. Save you, worthy general!

OTH. With all my heart, sir.

LOD. The duke and senators of *Venice* greet you.

[giving him a Packet.

OTH. I kiss the instrument of their good pleasures.

[opens, and peruses it.]

DES. And what's the news, good cousin *Lodovico*?

IAG. I am glad to see you, signior; Welcome to *Cyprus*.

LOD. I thank you, sir: How does lieutenant *Cassio*?

IAG. Lives, sir.

DES. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord
 An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

OTH. Are you sure of that?

DES. My lord?

OTH. *This fail you not to do, as you will—*

LOD. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.
 Is there division 'twixt thy lord and *Cassio*?

DES. A most unhappy one; I would do much
 To atone them, for the love I bear to *Cassio*.

OTH. Fire and brimstone!

DES. My lord?

OTH. Are you wise?

DES. What, is he angry?

LOD. May be, the letter mov'd him;
 For, as I think, they do command him home,
 Deputing *Cassio* in his government.

DES. Trust me, I am glad on't.

OTH. Indeed?

DES. My lord?

OTH. I am glad to see you mad.

DES. Why, sweet *Othello*?

OTH. Devil!

[Striking her.]

DES. I have not deserv'd this.

LOD. My lord, this would not be believ'd in *Venice*,
Though I should swear I saw't: 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, she weeps.

OTH. O devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile: —
Out of my sight!

DES. I will not stay to offend you.

LOD. Truly, an obedient lady: —

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

OTH. Mistress, —

DES. My lord?

OTH. What would you with her, sir?

LOD. Who I, my lord?

OTH. Ay, you did wish, that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she's obedient, as you say, obedient,
Very obedient; — Proceed you in your tears. —
Concerning this, sir, — O well-painted passion! —
I am commanded home: — Get you away;
I'll send for you anon. — Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to *Venice*; — Hence, avant! — [Exit DES.
Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night,
I do entreat, that we may sup together.
You're welcome, sir, to *Cyprus*. — Goats and monkies!
[Exit OTH.]

LOD. Is this the noble *Moor*, whom our full senate
Call—all-in-all sufficient? This the nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

IAG. He is much chang'd.

LOD. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

IAG. He's that he is; I may not breath my censure.
What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—
I would to heaven, he were.

LOD. What, strike his wife!

IAG. 'Faith, that was not so well; Yet 'would I knew,
That stroke would prove the worst.

LOD. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

IAG. Alas, alas,

It is not honesty in me, to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;
And his own courtes will denote him so,
That I may save my speech: Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

LOD. I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. The same.

Enter OTHELLO, and EMILIA.

OTH. You have seen nothing then?

EMI. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.

OTH. Yes, you have seen *Cassio* and she together.

EMI. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Each syllable, that breath made up between them.

OTH. What, did they never whisper?

EMI. Never, my lord.

OTH. Nor send you out o' the way?

EMI. Never.

[thing?

OTH. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor no-

EMI. Never, my lord.

OTH. That's strange.

EMI. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

OTH. Bid her come hither; go.—

[Exit EMI.]

She says enough;—yet she's a simple bawd,
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet lock and key of villanous secrets:
And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter Emilia, with DESDEMONA.

DES. My lord, what is your will?

OTH. Pray, chuck, come hither.

DES. What is your pleasure?

OTH. Let me see your eyes;

Look in my face.

DES. What horrible fancy's this?

OTH. Some of your function, mistress, [to Emilia.

Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;

Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come:

Your mystery, your mystery; nay, dispatch.

[Exit Emilia.]

DES. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?

I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

OTH. Why, what art thou?

DES. Your wife, my lord;
Your true and loyal wife.

OTH. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Left, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-damn'd;
Swear—thou art honest.

DES. Heaven doth truly know it.

OTH. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.

DES. To whom, my lord? With whom? How am I false?

OTH. O *Desdemona!*—away! away! away!

DES. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do suspect,
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

OTH. Had it pleas'd heaven,
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kind of sores, and shames, on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience: but (alas!) to make me
A fixed figure, for the hand of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at,—
O! o!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no life;

The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a tistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lip'd cherubin,
Ay, there, look grim as hell.

DES. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

OTH. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet, [been born!
That the sense akes at thee,—'Would, thou hadst ne'er

DES. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

OTH. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What, ~~what~~, committed!
Committed! O thou publick commoner,
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Should I but speak thy deeds; What, ~~what~~, committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear't: ~~Committed!~~ what, committed!
Impudent strumpet!

DES. By heaven, you do me wrong.

OTH. Are not you a strumpet?

DES. No, as I am a christian:
If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none.

OTH. What, not a whore?

DES. No, as I shall be sav'd.

OTH. Is't possible?

DES. O, heaven forgive us!

OTH. I cry you mercy, then;

I took you for that cunning whore of *Venice*,
That marry'd with *Othello*.—You, mistress, there!

Re-enter EMILIA.

That have the office opposite to saint *Peter*,
And keep the gate of hell; You, you; ay, you!
We have done our course; there's money for your pains;
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[*Exit OTHELLO.*]

EMI. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?—
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

DES. 'Faith, half asleep.

EMI. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

DES. With who?

EMI. With my lord, madam?

DES. Who is thy lord?

EMI. He that is yours, sweet lady.

DES. I have none: Do not talk to me, *Emilia*;
I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, remember;
And call thy husband hither.

EMI. Here is a change, indeed! [*Exit:*]

DES. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might flick
The small'st opinion on my least misfule?

Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO. [you?

IAG. What is your pleasure, madam? How is't with-

DES. I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,

I am a child to chiding.

IAG. What is the matter, lady?

EMI. Alas, *Iago*, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

DES. Am I that name, *Iago*?

IAG. What name, fair lady?

DES. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

EMI. He call'd her, whore; a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have lay'd such terms upon his callet.

IAG. Why did he so?

DES. I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.

IAG. Do not weep, do not weep; Alas, the day!

EMI. Has she forlook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd—whore? would it not make one weep?

DES. It is my wretched fortune.

IAG. Beshrew him for't!

How comes this trick upon him?

DES. Nay, heaven doth know.

EMI. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging coz'ning slave, to get some office,
Has not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

IAG. Fie! there is no such man; it is impossible.

DES. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

EMI. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her, whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The *Moor's* abus'd by some most villanous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:—
O, heaven, that such companion thou'dst unfold;

And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west!

IAG. Speak within door.

EMI. O, fie upon him! some such squire he was,
That turn'd your wit the feamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the *Moor*.

IAG. You are a fool; go to.

DES. Alas, *Iago*,

What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I † kneel:—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I can't say, whore;
It does abhor me, now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

IAG. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

DES. If 'twere no other,—

IAG. It is but so, I warrant.

[*Trumpets.*

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
The messenger of *Venice* stays the meat:

Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt DES. and EMI.*

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, *Roderigo*?

ROD. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.

IAG. What in the contrary?

ROD. Every day thou dost't me with some devise, *Iago*; and rather (as it seems to me now) keepest from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffer'd.

IAG. Will you hear me, *Roderigo*?

ROD. Sir, I have heard too much; and your words, and performances, are no kin together.

IAG. You charge me most unjustly.

ROD. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to *Desdemona*, would half have corrupted a votarist: You have told me—she hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquittance; but I find none.

IAG. Well; go to; very well.

ROD. Very well? go to? I can not go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: Nay, I think it is scurvy; and begin to find myself fob'd in it.

IAG. Very well.

ROD. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to *Desdemona*: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

IAG. You have said now.

ROD. Ay, and said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

IAG. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and, even from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, *Roderigo*: Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

ROD. It hath not appear'd.

IAG. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, *Roderigo*, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night shew it: if thou the next night following enjoy not *Desdemona*, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

ROD. Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compass?

IAG. Sir, there is especial commission come from *Venice*, to depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place.

ROD. Is that true? why, then *Othello* and *Desdemona* return again to *Venice*.

IAG. O, no; he goes into *Mauritania*, and taketh away with him the fair *Desdemona*, unless his abode be linger'd here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of *Cassio*.

ROD. How do you mean—removing him?

IAG. Why, by making him incapable of *Othello's* place; knocking out his brains.

ROD. And that you would have me to do.

IAG. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right,

He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste about it.

ROD. I will hear further reason for this.

IAG. And you shall be satisfy'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.

LOD. 'Beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

OTH. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

LOD. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

DES. Your honour is most welcome.

OTH. Will you walk, sir?—

O, —*Desdemona*,—

[*stepping back.*]

DES. My lord?

OTH. Get you to bed o' the instant, I will be return'd forthwith: dismiss your attendant there; look, it be done.

DES. I will, my lord. [*Exeunt OTH. LOD. and Att.*]

EMI. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did,

DES. He says, he will return incontinent:

He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bad me to dismiss you.

EMI. Dismiss me!

DES. It was his bidding; therefore, good *Emilia*,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We must not now displease him.

EMI. I would, you had never seen him.

DES. So would not I; my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—
Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

[beginning to undress.]

EMI. I have lay'd those sheets you bad me on the bed.

DES. All's one:—Good father, how foolish are our
minds!—

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shrowd me
In one of those same sheets.

EMI. Come, come, you talk.

DES. My mother had a maid, call'd—*Barbara*;
She was in love; and he, she lov'd, prov'd bad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of—willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she dy'd singing it: That song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,
Not to go hang my head all o' one side,
And sing it like poor *Barbara*. Pr'ythee, dispatch.

EMI. Shall I fetch your night-gown?

DES. No, unpin me here.

This *Lodovico* is a proper man.

EMI. A very handsome man.

DES. And he speaks well.

EMI. I know a lady in *Venice*, would have walk'd
Bare-foot to *Palestine* for a touch of his nether lip.

[going on with her undressing.]

DES. The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
sing all a green willow; [singing.]

16 prov'd mad 21 But to 23 I go fetch

her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

sing willow, willow, willow:

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;

sing willow, willow, willow;

the salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones,—

Lay by † these.— *[giving her her Jewels.*

sing willow, willow, willow;—

Pr'ythee, hie thee; he'll come anon.—

sing all a green willow must be my garland.

2.

Let no body blame him, his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! hark! who is't that knocks?

EMI. It's the wind.

DES. *I call'd my love, false love; But what said he then?*

sing willow, willow, willow;

If I court no women, you'll couch with no men.

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;

Does that bode weeping?

EMI. 'Tis neither here nor there.

DES. I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these men!—

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—

That there be women do abuse their husbands

In such gross kind?

EMI. There be some such, no question.

DES. Would'st thou do such a thing for all the world?

EMI. Why, would not you?

DES. No, by this heavenly light!

EMI. No, nor I neither, by this heavenly light;

I might do't as well i'the dark.

DES. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

EMI. The world is a huge thing: 'Tis a great price

For a small vice.

DES. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

EMI. In troth, I think I should; and undo't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring; nor for measures of lawn; nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition: but, for the whole world,—Why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

DES. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

EMI. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' th' world; and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

DES. I do not think, there is any such woman.

EMI. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage, as
Would store the world they play'd for.
But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults,
If wives do fall: Say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite;
Why, we have galls; and, though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them; they see, and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think, it is; And doth affection breed it?
I think, it doth; Is't frailty, that thus errs?
It is so too: And have not we affections?

Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?
Then, let them use us well: else, let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

Des. Good night, good night: Heaven me such usage send,
Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. A Street.

Enter IAGO, and RODERIGO.

IAG. Here, stand behind this † bulk; straight will he come:

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home,
Quick, quick; fear nothing, I'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

ROD. Be near at hand, I may miscarry in't.

IAG. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy stand.
[*retires to a little Distance.*]

ROD. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons:—
'Tis but a man gone: forth, my † sword; he dies.

[*going to his Stand.*]
IAG. I have rub'd this young quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: Live *Roderigo*,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold, and jewels, that I bob'd from him,
As gifts to *Desdemona*;

It must not be: if *Cassio* do remain,
 He hath a daily beauty in his life,
 That makes me ugly; and, besides, the *Moor*
 May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:
 No, he must die:—But so, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rob. I know his gait, 'tis he;—Villain, thou dy'st.
[starting from his Post, and making a Pass at him.]

CAS. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
 But that my coat is better than thou know'st;
 I will make proof of thine. *[draws, and wounds Rod.]*

ROD. O, I am slain! *[falling.]*

Iago issues from behind; makes a Blow at Cassio; and Exit.

CAS. I am maim'd for ever:—*[falling too.]* Light;
 ho! murther! murther!

Enter OTHELLO, at a Distance.

OTH. The voice of *Cassio*;—*Iago* keeps his word.

ROD. O, villain that I am!

OTH. It is even so.

CAS. O, help, ho! light! a surgeon!

OTH. 'Tis he;—O brave *Iago*, honest, and just,
 That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
 Thou teachest me,—Minion, your dear lies dead,
 And your fate hies apace; strumpet, I come:
 Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
 Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[Exit OTHELLO.]

*Enter, likewise at a Distance, LODOVICO,
 and GRATIANO.*

[urther!]

CAS. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murther! m-

GRA. 'Tis some mischance; the voice is very direful.

CAS. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans;—it is a heavy night:
These may be counterfeits; let's think't unsafe
To come in to the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter IAGO, with a Light.

Lod. Hark! [weapons.

GRA. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and

IAG. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries out
murder?

Lod. We do not know.

IAG. Do not you hear a cry?

CAS. Here, here; for heaven's sake, help me.

IAG. What's the matter? [going towards Cassio.

GRA. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

IAG. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

CAS. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help.

IAG. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

CAS. I think, that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

IAG. O treacherous villains!—

What are you there? come in, and give some help.

[to Lod. and Gra.

Rod. O, help me here!

CAS. That's one of them.

IAG. O murd'rous slave! o villain!

[Iago sets down his Light; makes towards
Roderigo in the dark, and stabs him.

Rod. O damn'd Iago! o inhuman dog!—O, o, o!

IAG. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?—
[*counterfeiting a Search.*]

How silent is this town?—Ho! murder! murder!—

What may you be? are you of good, or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

IAG. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, sir.

IAG. I cry you mercy; Here's *Cassio* hurt by villains.

GRA. *Cassio!*

IAG. How is it, brother?

CAS. My leg is cut in two.

IAG. Marry, heaven forbid!—

Light, gentlemen;—I'll bind it with my shirt.

[*Enter BIANCA, and Others, with Lights.*]

BIA. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cry'd?

IAG. Who is't that cry'd?

BIA. O my dear *Cassio!* my sweet *Cassio!*

O *Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!*

IAG. O notable strumpet!—*Cassio*, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangl'd you?

CAS. No. [seek you.]

GRA. I am sorry, to find you thus; I have been to

IAG. Lend me a garter: So.—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!

BIA. Alas, he faints:—O *Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!*

IAG. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.—

Patience a while, good *Cassio*.—Come, come;

Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?
[*rising from him.*]

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman!
[*viewing Roderigo.*]

Roderigo? no: Yes, sure; yes, 'tis *Roderigo*.

GRA. What, of *Venice*?

IAG. Even he, sir; Did you know him?

GRA. Know him? ay.

IAG. Signior *Gratiano*? I cry your gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

GRA. I am glad to see you.

IAG. How do you, *Cassio*?—O, a chair, a chair!

GRA. *Roderigo*!

IAG. He, he, 'tis he:—[*Enter Some with a Chair.*] O,
that's well said; the chair:

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress,
Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, *Cassio*,
Was my dear friend; What malice was between you?

CAS. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

IAG. What, look you pale?—O, bear him out o' the
air.—[*CASSIO is born off; and the Body of Rod.*

Stay you, good gentlemen:—look you pale, mistress?—
Do you perceive the paleness of her eye?—

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon:—

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

EMI. 'Las, what's the matter? what's the matter, hus-
band?

IAG. *Cassio* has here been set on in the dark,
By *Roderigo*, and fellows that are 'scap'd;
He's almost slain, and *Roderigo* dead.

EMI. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good *Cassio*!

IAG. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, *Emilia*,
Go know of *Cassio* where he supt to-night:—

What, do you shake at that?

BIA. He supt at my house; but I therefore shake not.

IAG. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

EMI. O, fie upon thee, strumpet!

BIA. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.

EMI. As I? foh! fie upon thee!

IAG. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor *Cassio* drest:—
Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.—

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what has hap'd.—

Will you go on afore?—This is the night,

That either makes me, or foredoes me quite. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A Bed-chamber in the Castle.

DESDEMONA in Bed, asleep. Enter *OTHELLO*,
with a Light.

OTH. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars,—
It is the cause! Yet I'll not shed her blood;

[*taking off his Sword, and laying it by.*]

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,

And smooth as monumental alabaster.

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.

Put out the light, and then—Put out the light!

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,

[*jetting down the Taper.*]

I can again thy former light restore,

Should I repent me:—but once put out thy light,

[*going towards his Wife.*]

Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
 I know not where is that *Promethean* heat, [rose,
 That can thy light relumine. When I have pluck'd thy
 I cannot give it vital growth again,
 It needs must wither; I'll smell thee on the tree.

[*kissing her.*]

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
 Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more.
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
 And love thee after:—One more, and this the last:
 So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
 But they are cruel tears: This sorrow's heavenly;
 It strikes, where it doth love. She wakes.

DES. Who's there? *Othello*?

OTH. Ay, *Desdemona*.

DES. Will you come to bed, my lord?

OTH. Have you pray'd to-night, *Desdemona*?

DES. Ay, my lord.

OTH. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
 Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
 Solicit for it straight.

DES. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

OTH. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
 I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
 No,—Heaven fore-fend!—I would not kill thy soul!

DES. Talk you of killing?

OTH. Ay, I do.

DES. Then, heaven
 Have mercy on me!

OTH. Amen, with all my heart!

DES. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

OTH. Hum!

DES. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes rowl so: Why I should fear, I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel, I fear.

OTH. Think on thy fins.

DES. They are loves I bear to you.

OTH. Ay, and for that thou dy'st.

DES. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

OTH. Peace, and be still!

DES. I will so: What's the matter? [thee,

OTH. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and gave
Thou gav'st to *Cassio*.

DES. No, by my life and soul;
Send for the man, and ask him.

OTH. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.

DES. Ay, but not yet to die.

OTH. Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choak, the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

DES. O, heaven have mercy on me!

OTH. I say, amen.

DES. And have you mercy too! I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd *Cassio*,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.

OTH. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.

O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart;
 And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,—
 A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
 I saw the handkerchief.

DES. He found it then;
 I never gave it him: Send for him hither;
 Let him confess a truth.

OTH. He hath confess'd.

DES. What, my lord?

OTH. That he hath—us'd thee.

DES. How? unlawfully?

OTH. Ay.

DES. He will not say so.

OTH. No, his mouth is stop'd;
 Honest *Iago* hath ta'en order for't.

DES. My fear interprets then,—What, is he dead?

OTH. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
 Had stomach for them all.

DES. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

OTH. Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?
[taking up a Pillow.]

DES. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

OTH. Down, strumpet.

DES. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

OTH. Nay, if you strive,—

DES. But half an hour:

OTH. Being done,
 There is no pause.

DES. But while I say one prayer.

OTH. It is too late.

[smothers her.]

[my lord!]

EMI. *[within.]* My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord,

OTH. What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet quite dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.
So, so.

EMI. What, ho! my lord, my lord!

OTH. Who's there?

EMI. O, good my lord, I'd speak a word with you.

OTH. Yes;—'tis *Emilia*:—by and by.—She's dead.
'Tis like, she comes to speak of *Cassio's* death;
The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? wer't good?—
I think, she stirs again: No.—What's the best?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:—
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife:
O insupportable! o heavy hour!
Methinks, it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

EMI. Good my lord,
I do beseech you I may speak with you.

OTH. I had forgotten thee; Come in, *Emilia*:—
Soft, by and by, let me the curtains draw.—

[draws them, and then opens the Door.]

Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

Enter EMILIA.

EMI. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murders done.

OTH. What, now?

EMI. But now, my lord.

OTH. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

EMI. *Cassio*, my lord, has kill'd a young *Venetian*,
Call'd—*Roderigo*.

OTH. *Roderigo* kill'd!
And *Cassio* kill'd!

EMI. No, *Cassio* is not kill'd.

OTH. Not *Cassio* kill'd? then murther's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

DES. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

EMI. O lord, what cry is that?

OTH. That! what?

EMI. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—

[*running to the Bed.*]

Help! help, ho! help!—O, lady, speak again!

Sweet *Desdemona*! o, sweet mistress, speak!

DES. A guiltless death I die.

EMI. O, who hath done

This deed?

DES. No body; I myself; farewell:

Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell.

[*dies.*]

OTH. Why, how should she be murder'd?

EMI. Alas, who knows?

OTH. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

EMI. She said so; I must needs report the truth.

OTH. She's, like a liar, gone to burn in hell;

'Twas I that kill'd her.

EMI. O, the more angel she,

And you the blacker devil!

OTH. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

EMI. Thou dost bely her, and thou art a devil.

OTH. She was false as water.

EMI. Thou'rt rash as fire, to say

That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!

OTH. *Cassio* did tup her; ask thy husband else;
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity; Thy husband knew it all.

EMI. My husband?

OTH. Thy husband.

EMI. That she was false to wedlock?

OTH. Ay, with *Cassio*:

Had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for't.

EMI. My husband?

OTH. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

EMI. My husband?

OTH. What needs this iterance, woman? I say, thy husband.

EMI. O mistress, villany hath made mocks with love!
My husband say, that she was false?

OTH. He, woman;

I say, thy husband; Dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest *Iago*.

EMI. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

OTH. Ha! [looking towards her *Sword*.

EMI. Do thy worst:

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

OTH. Peace, you were best. [threat'ning her with it.

EMI. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt. O gull! o dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives:—Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress; Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.

MON. What is the matter?—How now, general?

[Slaying him.]

EMI. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

GRA. What is the matter?

EMI. Disprove it, villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false;
I know, thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain;
Speak, for my heart is full.

IAG. I told him what I thought; and told no more,
But what he found himself was apt and true.

EMI. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

IAG. I did.

EMI. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:—
She false with Cassio!—Did you say, with Cassio?

IAG. With Cassio, mistress; Go to, charm your tongue.

EMI. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to
speak;

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed,

MON. GRA. O heavens fore-fend!

EMI. And your reports have set the murder on.

OTH. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.

GRA. 'Tis a strange truth.

MON. O monstrous act!

EMI. Villany, villany, villany;—
 I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't;—O villany!
 I thought so then;—I'll kill myself for grief.
 O villany, villany!

IAG. What, are you mad?
 I charge you, get you home.

EMI. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;
 'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:—
 Perchance, *Iago*, I will ne'er go home.

OTH. Oh! oh! oh! oh! *[hanging over his Wife.*

EMI. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;
 For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
 That e'er did lift up eye.

OTH. O, she was foul!—
 I scarce did know you, uncle; There lies your niece,
 Whose breath (indeed) these hands have newly stop'd:
 I know, this act shews horrible and grim.

GRA. Poor *Desdemone*! I am glad thy father's dead;
 Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
 Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
 This sight would make him do a desperate turn;
 Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
 And fall to reprobance.

OTH. 'Tis pitiful: but yet *Iago* knows,
 That she with *Cassio* hath the act of shame
 A thousand times committed; *Cassio* confess'd it;
 And she did gratify his amorous works
 With that recognizance and pledge of love
 Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;
 It was a handkerchief, an antique token
 My father gave my mother.

EMI. O heaven! o heavenly powers!

LAG. Come, hold your peace.

EMI. 'Twill out, 'twill out:—I peace?

No, I will speak as liberal as the air;
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

LAG. Be wise, and get you home.

EMI. I will not.

GRA. Fie!

[draw it.

Your sword upon a woman? [to Iago, seeing him about to

EMI. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief, thou speak'st of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle)
He beg'd of me to steal it.

LAG. Villanous whore!

EMI. She gave it *Cassio*! no, alas; I found it,
And I did give't my husband.

LAG. Filth, thou ly'st.

EMI. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:—
O murd'rous coxcomb! [to Oth.] what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

OTH. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serves for the thunder?—Precious villain!

[Iago stabs his Wife suddenly, and runs off.

GRA. The woman falls; sure, he hath kill'd his wife.

EMI. Ay, ay; O, lay me by my mistress' side.

GRA. He's gone; but his wife's kill'd.

MON. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take this weapon,

[giving Gra. a Sword.

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:

Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,

But kill him rather: I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave. [Exeunt MON. and GRA.]

OTH. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword:—
But why should honour out-live honesty?
Let it go all.

EMI. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in musick;—*Willow, willow, willow.*—
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel *Moor*:
So come my soul to blifs, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [dies.]

OTH. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It was a sword of *Spain*, the *Ebro's* temper;—
O, here it is:—Uncle, I must come forth. [dear;

GRA. [*within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

OTH. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

GRA. What is the matter?

OTH. Behold, I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop:—But, o vain boast!
Who can controul his fate? 'tis not so now.—
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my but
And very sea-mark of my utmost fail.
Do you go back dismay'd! 'tis a lost fear;

Man but a rush against *Othello's* breast,
 And he retires; — Where should *Othello* go? —
 Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-star'd wench!
 Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
 And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
 Even like thy chastity. —

O cursed, cursed slave! — Whip me, ye devils,
 From the possession of this heavenly sight!
 Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
 Wash me in steep-down gulphs of liquid fire! —
 O *Desdemone*! dead, *Desdemone*? dead? dead?
 O, o, o!

Enter LODOVICO, Montano; CASSIO, carry'd in a
 Chair; and IAGO, with Officers, Prisoner.

LOD. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

OTH. That's he, that was *Othello*; [*pointing to his Wife.*]
 here I am

LOD. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

[*Officers bring Iago forward.*]

OTH. I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable:
 If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Stabs Iago suddenly.*]

LOD. Wrench his sword from him. [*he is disarm'd.*]

IAG. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

OTH. I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live;
 For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

LOD. O thou *Othello*, that wast once so good,
 Fall'n in the practise of a cursed slave,
 What shall be said to thee?

OTH. Why, any thing:
 An honourable murderer, if you will;

For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

LOD. This wretch hath part confess'd his villany;
Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* death?

OTH. Ay.

CAS. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

OTH. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

IAG. Demand me nothing; what you know, you
know:

From this time forth I never will speak word.

LOD. What, not to pray?

GRA. Torments will ope your lips.

OTH. Well, thou dost best.

LOD. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not: Here † is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain *Roderigo*;
And here, † another: the one of them imports,
The death of *Cassio* to be undertook
By *Roderigo*.

OTH. O villain!

CAS. Most heathenish, and most gross!

LOD. Now here's † another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too: and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, *Iago* in the interim
Came in and satisfy'd him.

OTH. O the pernicious caitiff! —
How came you, *Cassio*, by that handkerchief,
That was my wife's?

CAS. I found it in my chamber:
And he himself confess'd, but even now,

That there he dropt it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

OTH. O fool! fool! fool!

CAS. There is, besides, in *Roderigo's* letter,—
How he upbraids *Iago*, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came,
That I was cast: And even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—*Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.

LOD. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in *Cyprus*. For this † slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his: You shall close prisoner rest,
'Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the *Venetian* state:—Come, bring away.

OTH. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know't;
No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extream; of one, whose hand,
Like the base *Indian*, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdu'd eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the *Arabian* trees
Their med'cinable gum: Set you down this:
And say, besides,—that in *Aleppo* once,

Where a malignant and a turban'd *Turk*
 Beat a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the state,
 I took by throat the circumcised dog,
 And smote him—thus.

[pulls out a conceal'd Dagger, and stabs himself.]

LOD. O bloody period!

GRA. All, that's spoke, is mar'd.

OTH. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee; [*throwing himself by his Wife.*] No way but this,

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*dies.*]

CAS. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
 For he was great of heart.

LOD. O *Spartan* dog, [*to Iago.*]

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!

Look on the tragick loading of this bed;

This is thy work: the object poisons sight;—

Let it be hid.—*Gratiano*, keep the house,

And seize upon the fortunes of the *Moor*,

For they succeed on you.—To you, lord governor,

[*to Cassio.*]

Remains the censure of this hellish villain;

The time, the place, the torture,—O inforce it!

Myself will straight aboard; and, to the state,

This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeunt.*]

CORRIGENDA.

All's well, that ends well.] 10, 29. *Other* 21, 1. tell true *Do*, 8. amongst 24, 12. gait 29, 23. high as 30, 1. court! 35, 4. good, 38, 32. lest thou 57, 17. well.

Antony and Cleopatra.] 28, 30. *Speaks* 32, (*below*.) To glove the 35, 11. art sure 56, 20. gait 60, 3. 'Twill 80, 1. satisfy'd *Do*, 32. to be frighted 81, 18. *¶* laugh at his fond challenge

Comedy of Errors.] Omitted in the Dramatis Personæ, a Courtesan. 7, 5. bend 16, 21. thou 35, 32. *A. E.* While &c.

Coriolanus.] 24, 13. trenches 38, 19. you're 39, 20. stalls 57, 2. election 124, 28. answer'ing 126, 27. Tear him to pieces,—Do it presently:— [*Marcus*;— He kill'd my son,—My daughter;—He kill'd my cousin He kill'd my father.

Cymbeline.] 21, 8. where he is 41, 10. fair'st 45, 31. had her here 51, 22. be | You, 60, 31. Hear me with 67, 24. her. 73, 2. 'Mongst 79, 10. tremble. *Do*. 30. abroad. 101, 23. gyves

Hamlet.] 13, 21. ourself 134, (*below*.) noblest

1. *Henry IV.*] 20, 7. corival all her 42, 7. a plain

Henry V.] 18, 16. imperial; 22, 6, you, hostels; 39, 7. afoot 40, 13. could 61, 16. ghosts. *Do*. (*below*.) '4 In-vesting &c. 103, 32. then yours 107, (*below*.) '22 ros'd

1. *Henry VI.*] 18, 5. *English* 39, 18. *Clarence*

2. *Henry VI.*] 4, 3. lend'st *Do*, (*inf. below*.) '3 lends 19, 16. bags | Are 22, 32. while we be 23, 11. ban-dogs 27, 20. *Medice*, 105, 23. and thy chair-days

Corrigenda.

3. Henry VI.] 65, 28. *Edward's*
 Henry VIII.] 12, 2. puts out, *Do*, (*inf. below.*) 2 puts
 on, *Do*, 7. *Others* 20, 19. shrewd 27, 15. chamber? 60,
 8. can not 66, 6. Lord 91, 30. gladding
 Julius Cæsar.] 20, 16. then, I know, 21, 5. gait; 22,
 32. disjoins 31, 28. yourself 56, 14. It will *Do*, 23.
 4. C. They were traitors: Honourable men!
Cit. The will,
 The testament.
 2. C. They were villains, murderers :
 The will; read the will.
 78, 25. Strook Cæsar on the neck. O flatterers!
Cas. Flatterers!—
 Now, *Brutus*, &c. 84, 20. envenomed 87, 16. *Ear*
King John.] 6, 25. emperor 33, 22. This news 45,
 30. men's 54, 12. How now 61, 30. April 70, 19. Trust
 73, 2. minister'd
King Lear.] 11, 19. *Burgundy* 57, 26. cheeks! blot;
 rage, and blow! 58, 21. *head has* 68, 12. must repent
 69, 25. Look, where he stands and glares!—Wantest th-
 ou eyes | At trial, madam? 79, 11. *Tom* at once
Love's Labour's lost.] 29, 1. slow-gaited 34, 1. ROSA-
 LINE 59, 32. beseech 71, 30. Therefore 75, 24. filken
 92, 16. *foul*
Macbeth.] 3, 8. *Macbeth* 14, 31. thou'dst 20, 26.
 Bring 23, 14. design 25, 13. *sleep* 36, 5. filters 61, 3.
 you wife 73, 21. I'm
Measure for Measure.] 10, 17. ravin 35, 31. and 53,
 5. to be had 66, 3. Where is 68, 15. afternoon 72, 3.
BARN. [*within.*] Away &c.
Merchant of Venice.] 11, 18. say you then 18, 26.
 these christians 23, 4. *Ergo* 70, 9. says.

Corrigenda.

Merry Wives of Windsor.] 5, 7. her father 48, 9. *Poins*
 49, 18. Be gone 77, 1. do't 83, 13. she to, deceive
Midsummer Night's Dream.] 3, 5. step-dame 25, 12.
 love, 38, 25. fate 39, 23. prepos't'roussly
Much Ado about Nothing.] 19, 4. *Scotch*
 Richard II.] 52, 11. offence! 56, 9. castle 64, (*below.*)
 25 Thy &c. 70, 21. sleep
 Richard III.] 22, 28. cacodæmon 50, 11. did sit 63,
 17. there, 66, 5. a while *Do*, 28. dev'lish 71, 8. bestial
 82, 32. inclusive 83, 23. Which 106, 21. can not
Romeo and Juliet.] 27, 10 & 82, 23. be gone
Taming of the Shrew.] 20, 3. *Pisa*.— 31, 31. pr'ythee,
 sister 43, 22. in.— 46, 29. jars.— 50, (*below.*) '4 Fives
 53, 1. to our turn 58, 15. pr'ythee 73, 3. *ergo* 93, 30.
 I won the 94, 13. hear'dst
Tempest.] 4. (*below.*) 3 cares 19, 18. thou wert 52, 14.
 PROSPERO 71, (*below.*) their
Timon of Athens.] 32, 15. five 35, 4. rumours,—Now
 37, 2. Why, *Do*, 9. pay'd 54, 7. fellows
Titus Andronicus.] 22, 6. dare. 38, 26. Rome 58,
 23. Done 72, 32. 'Twas
Troilus and Cressida.] 24, 12. unarm'd, 25, 9. call'd
 41, 10. prayers; And devil, envy, say—Amen! 48, 28.
 wise;— 106, 21. lawful | For us,
Twelfth-night.] 78, 1. *Cesario* 81, 23. And say

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